VOLUME 154 NUMBER 9

LOOKING FORWARD

MOST PEOPLE REMEMBER that amusing comedy, *Dulcy*—wherein the addle-pated young lady of that name clinched her reputation by inviting a guest to play the piano, and then proceeded, herself, to crackle paper, whisper, offer and eat candy, and finally to talk to the listeners while the musician struggled against the interruptions and the other guests tried in vain to hear the music. Laughed at in the theatre, had Dulcy been in the homes of most people in the audience, she would have been cheerfully strangled into silence.

A FEW YEARS AGO, upon the original advent of advertising into the radio field, most people were convinced that Dulcy had somehow secured complete charge of all the program. For a more striking list of interruptions, introductions and ignorant explanations could not have been imagined. Radio engineers themselves regretted ever having fathered such a horrible child. Many a man conceived such dislike for the manner in which manufacturers invaded his living room under the pretense of entertaining him, that he could not be induced to buy any new product thus introduced to him, and with difficulty retained his respect for those he already knew.

OF LATE, however, there have been signs of a better day. Excellent programs, intelligently introduced and well chosen, put many a listener definitely in the entertainer's debt. The offerings have been steadily bettered until the radio is beginning to compete—on rainy nights—with the theatre and the movies. Lately have come even such genuine achievements as Walter Damrosch's General Electric Orchestra, and the Stromberg Carlson Rochester Orchestra hour.

PERHAPS THE DAY is at hand when the intelligence and integrity of an advertiser will be so evident from the program he presents that no further ballyhoo will be necessary.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Blast Furnace
A linoleum cut by Wilfred Jones

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within two years the union officer "cleaned up the mess." The organization was built into a modern labor union. Instead of two telephones that had been deemed sufficient for an office handling the affairs of 7,500 men, a telephone switchboard with twenty trunk lines and numerous extensions, was installed. Certified public accountants were engaged to examine, audit and supervise the keeping of all records. The cancerous factions within the union were cut out and at the last two elections the electricians ballotted with the aid of voting machines. The union was put on a business basis for it is Mr. Broach's fixed idea that a union must be run like a corporation if it is to survive. Business agents who had been formerly responsible only to their own cliques, were made responsible to the union.

While the union "clean-up" was in progress Mr. Broach was also engaged in a struggle against the employers' association. There were injunction proceedings, strikes and threats of a lock-out of all of the 115,000 building trades workers in New York. In the end the electricians' union put through a wage increase of ten per cent and won the establishment of the five-day week.

Drawing by Wilfred Jones in "The Rise of American Civilization" by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard (Macmillan)

Mr. Broach kept hammering at the need for the union to attain complete knowledge of the industry because he was aware that as the industry fared well or ill so would the union follow. The fight split the electrical employers into two groups and a large group left the parent association and formed a new body. It was with the latter organization that the union proposed to co-operate.

The union's next step was the establishment of an engineering and research department to gauge more accurately the trend of the industry and to learn how new discoveries and inventions were affecting the livelihood of the workers. In connection with its work the new department made a survey of faulty electrical installations and uncovered a deplorable situation. Faulty installations, causing short circuits and fires, made under slipshod methods of the old union leadership, had resulted in large property loss. Of the 2,285,000 emergency calls made by the Edison Company from June 1926 to June 1929 in Manhattan and the Bronx, 18 per cent were due to defective wiring. This has now dropped to 7 per cent. Twenty per cent were due to short circuits on fixtures; this is now 11 per cent. Property losses from fires of reported electrical origin in 1928 ran into millions.

The apprenticeship situation was in as bad shape as the journeymen's side of the industry and Mr. Broach put into effect a carefully worked out plan of technical schooling for helpers. The union established a safety code for its members, formed a department to handle compensation insurance for them and modernized the sick benefit and death insurance funds. To protect the union against lawsuits a legal department was formed and an attorney engaged to devote all his time to that phase of the union's activities.

Recently the electrical employers' association announced the completion of a plan for insuring the lives of the union members without cost to them. Unlike the usual group insurance policies which are of no benefit when the worker leaves his job, the new plan has a unique provision. An employe may transfer his employment and his policy follows him so long as he remains in the industry.

Let us consider another form of union. Beginning about sixty years ago the four railroad brotherhoods—engineers, conductors, firemen and brakemen — evolved a system of "schedules" or contracts. These contracts prescribe to the minutest detail every possible right and privilege of employer and employe. They have become so scientific that they have evolved a technical phraseology which is as foreign to the layman as the language used by the medical or legal profession.

The brotherhoods have built up a remarkable machinery to handle the administration of the working rules. At every division point each brotherhood has a local committee man. These form a general committee for the entire system with a general chairman in charge; the latter, in some respects, being comparable to the business agent of a union.

On each railway system the brotherhood man negotiates with a man of the same rank from the management. The local chairman talks to the roundhouse foreman or division master mechanic. The general chairman deals with the personnel manager first and then with the highest authority on the road and sometimes goes over the head of the president to the board of directors. The national offices send field men out to handle emergency matters that cannot be handled by local men.

The schedules are among the most interesting technical agreements made between unions and management. This system of contracts is so imbedded in railway management that in effect the union really acts as sort of personnel advisory board for the roads. The union rigidly disciplines men for their failure to live up to contracts and fights energetically for members when they are in the right.

In addition to the protective function, the brotherhoods perform a legislative function for their members. The legislative department has an agent in each local lodge; these are formed into state committees whose chairmen are sometimes full-time men on salary.

The legislative department of the brotherhoods has fought for the protection of their members and the traveling public from the beginning. They were pioneers in the campaign for automatic air brakes and couplers. The improvement came despite the opposition of the roads on the score of expense. The operation of the present large trains

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would be impossible with the old hand brakes and the link and pin couplers. The brotherhoods also sought to compel the roads to adopt the automatic fire door which would protect the men from death by scalding in boiler explosions. The roads' appeal to the Supreme Court was sustained but in the remarkable decision written by Justice Brandeis, the principle was set forth that it was part of the duty of the Interstate Commerce Commission to extend its supervision to the health and comfort of the employes.

Overnight, the decision nullified the protective laws adopted in the various states and rendered nugatory the sentiment built up in the states for state legislation. It became necessary for the brotherhoods to attack the problem on a new front. They joined with the railroad commissioners of those states which had protective laws and asked the I. C. C., to rule that the proper protection of men in cabs and the installation of fire doors was a safety measure. At the hearings before the I. C. C., the brotherhood rallied a group of the foremost mechanical experts and legal advisers. In the end the I. C. C. issued two important orders. One required locomotives to be equipped with protective devices as under the Wisconsin state law, while the other ordered that all locomotives should be equipped with automatic fire doors.

The brotherhoods have consistently sought to create statutory provisions which would insure their functioning with the least possible danger of strikes. The attempt has been to have the roads universally accept the collective bargaining provisions embodied in the schedules approved by the great majority of the roads. This campaign culminated in the formulation of the Howell-Barkley bill, a measure drawn up by a committee of brotherhood lawyers headed by Donald Richberg of Chicago. The bill was fought in Congress and was defeated by a narrow margin. The railroads faced a bitter fight at the following session of Congress and the prospects appeared to be that the unions would win. The roads, therefore, joined with the brotherhoods and agreed upon a modified bill. That is how the present Railroad Labor Act was passed. The Act sets up conciliatory and mediatory machinery under a Federal Board of Mediation. The law, while it did not abrogate the right to strike, strengthened the processes of orderly negotiation between the two sides before appeal could be made to the mediation board whose powers are limited only to mediation and conciliation. When a serious interruption of traffic is threatened, the President may appoint an Emergency Board and publish its findings. The moral effect of investigation and delay is to allow a cooling-off period which always tends to have a strong effect in breaking the deadlock.

Drawn by Wilfred Jones

On their legislative side the brotherhoods function through a National Legislative Committee which consists of the State Legislative chairmen.

The brotherhoods are interested in everything that makes for efficiency without regard to the anomalous position in which innovations sometimes put them. Despite the loss of nearly 200,000 in the total personnel of the roads in the last ten years, of which the brotherhoods bore their share, the brotherhoods have co-operated fully with the roads in the introduction of new ideas and methods whereby the cost of operation was lessened. The attitude of the unions is that progress cannot be hindered by mulish opposition and it is their public duty to co-operate with advancement. In an era of unprecedented invention, of super-locomotives which haul freight trains more than a mile long, the brotherhoods have formulated a program designed to meet the inroads of such economies in manpower. Recently the trainmen and firemen decided to wage a campaign for the six hour day.

To say that the brotherhoods are as much interested in the future of the roads as is the management would be an inexact statement of fact. Nevertheless the railway unions are consistently and keenly concerned in the welfare and livelihood of their men. For example, the proposed merger legislation would cut 20,000 firemen from the payroll. Anticipating this proposed legislation, which in principle they do not oppose, the brotherhoods are turning their eyes toward the problem of writing into such legislation provisions to protect the interests of their men.

An example of a far-seeing constructive attitude of a union towards its industry is that of the American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers. A year ago hosiery manufacturers were moving from union centers to unorganized localities in order to get away from the eight hour day and the higher union wage scale. Non-union production was rising and threatened to dwarf the union output. As in all the other branches of the textile field, the manufacturers had their eyes turned toward the South. Except for periodical demands on the union for lowered wage and working standards, the manufacturers had no program for meeting the situation. For the union, the problem was a matter of life or death, and the officers concluded that immediate action was necessary.

After careful study, the union decided to take the initiative. President Gustave Geiges invited all the manufacturers to meet the union representatives last April in Philadelphia. A series of committee meetings followed the conference and as a result of the negotiations one of the most interesting documents in the history of organized labor was prepared and signed by union and manufacturers. The agreement, made by 36 of the representative manufacturers of full-fashioned hosiery in America, marks a milestone in the history of labor relations in this country. It provides, for the first time, arbitra-

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Outlook
and Independent
February 26, 1930

Are Labor Unions Destructive?

Prospects for Industrial Peace

By LOUIS STARK

By offering an imaginative picture of the ideal labor union, Mr. Stark gives an idea of the progress Unionism has made in America. No labor organization yet approaches that of Utopia. But the features of many point to increasing harmony between the employer and the wage-earner. Mr. Stark has for many years written on labor for the New York "Times"

MANKIND has ever groped towards Utopias; occasionally in experiments on earth, more often within the comforting pages of books where the imagination may soar unhindered. Teachers have spoken of the ideal school, ministers of the ideal religion, and philosophers of the ideal society. But the ideal trade union, if it exists at all in the minds of the harassed and driven men and women of labor, is buried deep under mountains of hard, concrete facts and futilities.

Let us play for a moment at being the *deus ex machina*. If we could fashion an ideal union out of our inner consciousness, what would it be like?

Before answering the question let us examine the *raison d'être* of unionism. Samuel Gompers held that the guiding principle of unionism was "to secure a better life for all." Other leaders, notably William Green, successor of Gompers as president of the American Federation of Labor, have written and spoken for "industrial democracy" as being a union goal. Trade unionists hold that between the Gompers' goal of "more and more" and Green's aspiration for "industrial democracy" no essential difference exists, save in phraseology.

Assuming industrial democracy as the most advanced breastwork to be scaled by unionism for several generations, where shall we look to find the ideal organization that has reached the heights? Obviously an idle question in a practical world. We can only fall back on the familiar device of the god from the machine. Our contrivance manipulates some sticks and stones and there rises a vast structure of concrete and marble. Piercing the sky is a flag on whose background we make out the words: "Industrial democracy-discipline, responsibility."

Let us enter the portals of this ideal union. Above the threshold we find the words inscribed: "To accumulate social power."

Once inside the building we are struck by the bee-like hum of activity. As we stand puzzled near the doorway, an attendant offers his services as guide. First we visit the president's office. Here we find the dynamo of the organization. His mind motivates the entire institution. Like the leader of an orchestra, he encourages one player, then another; and so on until the entire group joins in a harmonious expression of the spirit of the organization.

BUT LET US get away from figures of speech. Trade unions are factual things; even so this ideal union. How is it constituted and how does it function? First, the president has department heads entrusted with the carrying on of each activity. These department heads are labeled Organization and Research, Political, Legal, Public Relations and Finance.

The head of the research department is a trained economist whose eye is single to the problem of modern industry, especially in its relation to the union. Let a new machine be invented and he is quick to work out (a year in advance most likely) the effect of the new device on his industry. His is a full-time job without much leisure. Following the trend of modern industry, whether caused by new machinery, changing marketing methods, or varying public taste, is a task that keeps the research department busy. In addition, the department furnishes the factual ammunition to the president for trade negotiations.

The head of the organization department is a seasoned organizer who has been "through the mill." Endowed with a keen, native intelligence, though not learned in books, he is a born "mixer" and can get the best out of the material with which he is working.

Let us look in at the political department. Managed by a man who "knows his way round" in legislative halls, albeit a former member of the trade, this department follows the trends of legislation concerning the industry. Bills to help or hinder the industry are scrutinized. Alliances are made with other unions for common legislative action. When the political department sounds the alarm, every local of the union swings into action in its own state legislature and the joint committee hammers away for the same object in the hall of Congress.

Next door we find the department of public relations. We learn that this de-

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partment is responsible for creating a public opinion favorable to the union and the industry. This department is regarded as of equal importance to the others for it is recognized by the officers that the public is the final arbiter in any dispute. By public relations is meant publicity through newspapers and magazines, speeches, lectures, radio talks, union publications and last but not least, outside contacts.

Flanking the president's room is a door marked "Finance." Caring for the funds of the union is but a small part of the financial Solomon's duty. Before the union's co-operative housing ventures are decided upon this watch dog must approve the financing of the enterprises. He is in charge of the union's bank and investment trust, its credit loan organization. With his staff, he scans the financial horizon for the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that may portend heavy weather on the seas of business credit. His financial graphs would do credit to any up-and-going bank's experts. Under the financial head's jurisdiction is the insurance department with its excellent form of group insurance. This department has to its credit the working out of the details for unemployment insurance which, by the way, is made a charge on industry, paid by the employer and not by the workers.

Down the hall is a door marked "Legal Department." Here we find a lawyer and his assistant studying injunctions against labor unions. You remind me that I am describing an ideal union and that such an organization would have no need for injunctive relief. Alas, the union may be ideal but society is not and injunction applications, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever. The law department prepares contracts, adjudicates disputes, passed upon arbitration proposals.

There are also offices of lesser captains and lieutenants, but time does not permit of further elaboration on this score, because after my round of office visits I am again ushered into the president's office. In answer to my question, the president explains that his ideal of a trade union is a "sustained, systematic effort at power accumulation." He explains that "in this age, trade unionism can thrive only if it harnesses social power. It needs power to bargain; the more power the more effective the bargaining." Through its various departments the union seeks power. It holds itself responsible for sustained production standards, for good workmanship, and sometimes goes to the extent of helping an employer, threatened by bankruptcy, thus obtaining more power and incidentally saving the jobs of its members. On occasion the union may establish its own shops to furnish jobs to workers, unemployed through the failure of a firm or the hostility of a strike-bound concern. Organized to strike when necessary, the union, my informant adds, realizes that its goal is to make strikes unnecessary.

NOW LET US TURN from the theoretical to the practical in our scouting expedition for the ideal union. We are confronted at once with the fact that none of the unions of which we have knowledge conforms to the ideal, composite union of our desire. But many of the existing unions have features that are of outstanding worth.

First, let us consider an experiment laden with great possibilities for constructive co-operation between capital, labor and management; the experiment in the mill of the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, of Salem, Massachusetts. The mill management accepted collective bargaining as the starting point. But it was recognized by the union and the management that collective bargaining was capable of enormous extension.

It was with a view to exploring the possibilities of collective bargaining that the local union of the United Textile Workers of America, led by John R. O'Connell, proposed a joint program that met with the mill's approval. In the South, by contrast, where the so-called "stretch-out" system was put into practice without consultation of the workers (except in rare cases) strikes and discontent were the fruits of the arbitrary policy.

The system whereby operatives are relieved of much of the unskilled labor and specialize in the skilled processes, has everything to recommend it. As a method of efficiency it results in great savings and increased production. But in too many cases, as evidenced by the report of the South Carolina Legislative Committee, the benefits of the savings were appropriated in full by the mill. In some cases there was a division of the saving between management and men, and only in a few instances were the savings fairly divided.

At the Naumkeag Company's plant, however, the management showed a disposition to co-operate fully with the union in working out a wage scale. It was recognized that, able and sincere as the union committee and the management were, neither side could arrive at a solution without the presence of a third party in whom both had confidence. The idea was not to name an arbitrator who would listen to both sides and then, as so frequently happens, make a "fifty-fifty" award. There existed a genuine desire on both sides to arrive at as precise a conclusion on production and wages as was possible. Out of this desire came the next step, a bold one. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, of Philadelphia, past president of the Taylor Society, an expert management engineer, was jointly engaged by the mill and the union, to make the studies which would serve as the basis for an agreement that would be acceptable to both sides. Mr. Cooke's representative has been busy for six months. It may take an additional six months to work out the problem to the last degree but it is safe to say that with the attitude displayed by both sides, the experiment will end in a real achievement in union labor-management co-operation.

THREE YEARS AGO a young man in his thirties, in appearance a college graduate about to start out selling bonds, dropped his suitcase in a New York hotel room and entered upon an almost impossible task. The young man was H. H. Broach, then a vice-president, and now president of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. His job was to "clean up the New York situation."

The "New York situation" at that time, as it involved the local union of the electrical workers, was allegedly disgraceful. Local leaders were being charged with accepting graft. Incompetent men bought their way into possession of union cards. The union was split by factionalism. The Catholic business agents favored their co-religionists who were formed into a clique known as the Anchor Club. The Masons had their Square Club, and the Jews their Jewish Welfare Club.

The turmoil within the union affected the industry. Employers complained of inefficient help. Promises were made to them but the demoralization of the union was complete. Everywhere was confusion, charges and countercharges. It was this condition that Mr. Broach had to remedy.

It would take too long to describe the heated meeting, the police raids, the threats and injunction proceedings; but

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Poor, Insolvent Chicago

By LLOYD LEWIS

Chicago dreams but little, these days, of the World's Fair of 1933. Even Mayor Thompson (Big Bill, the Builder) thinks chiefly of the city's sad financial state. The tax muddle, here analyzed, has left the sprawling town millions in the hole—and tax collections seem far off. Salvation, Mr. Lewis feels, lies only in the dictatorship of capitalists who can advance cash

AT THE END of January, 1930, there were sober citizens of Chicago who shook their heads in private and wondered if their city, so long famous as an expression of pioneering, independent American genius, had come to the sorry day when, like Italy, it must call for a Mussolini to rule its affairs. What they had learned about their city in the preceding twelve months had made these citizens ready to think that anything would be wise if it brought order out of chaos—anything at all, even so shameful a thing as a dictatorship.

Twenty-seven years before, Chicago had been both annoyed and amused by the castigation given it by the British visitor William T. Stead in his explosive book, *If Christ Came to Chicago.* Stead's concern had been vice, and Chicago had not worried for long over such charges, for Chicago was a young, frontier city and held the scarlet sins as colorful and unimportant decorations on the chariot of progress—nothing more.

It is not about vice—no, nor gangsters, either, that Chicagoans are thinking when they imagine what a Mussolini could do at their city's helm. Their minds are on finance, wondering if the only salvation for their muddled corporate condition is to put some hard-headed dictator in charge. As has been said, they grow sheepish when they dream such bad dreams, and allow themselves the thought only because it seems less distressing than the nightmare through which they have been living.

Since the whole world seems to keep itself better informed upon Chicago's condition than upon that of any other city, it is probably understood that the midland metropolis at the dawn of February, 1930, is teetering on a tight-rope above the chasm of bankruptcy. The city is so far in debt that even the amount—a matter of millions of dollars—is a subject for dispute.

Each day interest charges against the city mount prodigiously. No taxes have been collected in twenty-one months and none seem possible of collection for months to come. Salaries for policemen, firemen, schoolteachers and other city employees are almost two months in arrears. Warnings are current that the schools must close. Since early in 1928 the city has been functioning by borrowing from its own surplus funds, dedicated to other specific projects, and from the banks. Now these surplus funds are exhausted and the banks will lend no more. The city's borrowing power has vanished.

Chicagoans, trying to fix the blame for this calamity, present the spectacle of children at a game of drop-the-handkerchief. A newspaper editor darting around the circle drops the kerchief behind the Mayor, William Hale Thompson, who thereupon becomes "It." Snatching up the badge of shame, he trips about and lets it fall in the rear of a fat capitalist, who races away to place it at the heels of a tax-assessor. The game goes on so furiously that onlookers grow more dizzy than the players.

There are a half-dozen widely-supported opinions as to who should rightfully be "It." First, there is the simple accusation that Mayor Thompson's machine has squandered the public funds. Second, there is the mayor's charge that tax-reformers have held up city money. Third, there is the suspicion that Fred Lundin, powerful and remorseless political enemy of Thompson, revengefully pulled the wires that precipitated the crisis. Fourth, there is the indictment that the mayor's "high-brow" critics by their incessant attacks upon him have so discredited Chicago that New York and over-seas bankers will not lend the city such funds as they would otherwise have done. Fifth, there is the opinion that the Chicago tax-assessors, through their time-honored practice of favoritism in fixing valuations, have driven the people to rebel against payment of any and all levies. Sixth, there is the belief that the manufacturing interests of Illinois have forced the state to function under an ancient and outgrown taxing system, a system which gives Chicago absolutely no chance to escape financial distress.

Of these six contentions only the last seems to strike at the heart of the matter. Mayor Thompson's administration, honeycombed by spoilsmen as it is, has not been bad enough to have caused the débâcle. The tax-reformers, the sardonic Lundin, the "high-brow" critics, the unscientific assessors; none of them, at their best or worst, have been powerful enough to have occasioned the present crisis.

IF CHICAGO IS prostrate today it is because she got in the way of a warfare that has been going on in Illinois for generations—the ancient and endless war between the landed interests and the industrial interests, the home owners against the bond-owners, the real estate holders versus the stockholders. These hereditary enemies have been at odds ever since the agrarians first began to lose control of politics in the decade that followed the Civil War. Up to that time Illinois had functioned fairly well under the old constitution of 1818. That instrument had said that all property must be taxed equally—a matter simple enough when almost all property was in the form of land or of animals and machinery that belonged to the land. But as the bulk of wealth began to shift to the manufacturers and the merchants, the poor land owner found himself at a disadvantage.

It was far easier for an industrialist to hide a sheaf of notes or bonds from an assessor's eye than it was for a farmer to secrete a herd of cattle or 360 acres of corn. Furthermore the old constitution, despite attempts to adapt it to changing conditions in 1850 and in 1870, remained wholly unfair to the industrialists. If tax-assessors caught all the property of the latter class and wrote it down at full valuation, the effect was confiscatory. If enforced, the ancient laws would take from five per cent to six per cent in taxation from industrial or commercial investors. In such a situation only one thing was possible—ignore the law. This was done and taxation soon became, in effect, not so much a question of law as of a tax-assessor's personal opinion. Caught between the devil of an impossible law and the deep-

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New York World *Broke!*

blue-sea of Doing-Something, the assessors assumed extra-legal powers and, by common consent, proceeded to mark down the valuations to a point where business could stand the levy.

The system, however sensible it was in aiding industry, continued to bear heavily upon the land-owner. The great majority of people who got their wealth from industry went blithely along paying no taxes at all upon their personal wealth. The rickety old constitution made no adequate provision for catching their stocks, bonds, jewels and limousines, whereas the owner of real estate had no way of secreting his holdings.

For instance, Cook County, which Chicago dominates, issued 474,146 automobile licenses in 1925, yet it assessed but 19,715 of them. Today citizens, as a rule, refuse to pay any personal property tax in Chicago. In Hyde Park, one of the wealthier sections of the city, more than five-sixths of the population calmly ignored this portion of the tax in 1928. Their position was that the tax was unfair and ought to be made illegal. Let the land owners support the city!

Thus in Chicago today where 40 per cent of the property is in real estate and 60 per cent in intangibles, the real estate pays 85 per cent of the total taxation.

It will be wondered why so monstrous and unjust a constitution has been left to survive. The reply must be that the industrialists have successfully prevented reform. Most other states, similarly situated, have met the question by passing income tax laws which managed to catch personal and intangible property and force it to pay its share of governmental costs. But in Illinois the persons who have benefited most by the ancient order have always been able to defeat an income tax, shrieking that it would drive business from the state. It is the old American story of the industrialists, better organized than the landed-folk, compelling politicians to their program.

However much the manufacturers' associations may urge the demerits of an income tax, is of small comfort to Chicago—in chaos for the primary reason that real estate alone is no longer able to bear the taxation burden. The land owners, taxed to death and subject to the whims of assessors, have broken down under the strain.

The steps which brought about this collapse are tragic.

Originally the Chicago assessors were supposed to deal with personal property, but gradually they arbitrarily extended their jurisdiction to real estate as well. Naturally this gave them immeasurable power. An assessor who was a lawyer was always faced with the temptation of cutting the valuation of property held by clients of his law-firm; or if he was a coal-merchant how easy it was for him to favor patrons of his yards! "Tax-fixers," gentry who claimed to have influence with certain assessors, always hovered like vultures around the distressed tax-payers.

Under such a system uniformity of taxation disappeared. Neighboring properties, which might have been expected to bear almost identical taxes, often received bills comically at variance. Nor was there, in past years, much opportunity for legal redress. A tax-payer might take his complaint to the Board of Tax Review, where politicians also ruled, but he had small hope from the courts. The judges, wisely enough perhaps, had decided to entertain no complaints except those of the rarest and most outrageous villany. Their position was that the findings of the assessor must be presumed correct.

But in 1927 an unprecedented thing happened. Something like 40,000 property owners braved the historic precedents of the courts and field objections against the levy that was collectable that year. For once, the courts showed a disturbing readiness to entertain such petitions. Owners of downtown properties which had been hard hit joined forces and hired tax-experts of their own to prove their claims of injustice.

Trouble was in the air. Reformers got support from all sides.

Millionaires, schoolteachers, small householders, owners of sky-scrapers, dreamy economists joined hands and petitioned William H. Malone, head of the State Tax Commission to order a reassessment that would establish some sort of uniformity in valuations. Listening, Malone agreed, threw out the 1927 assessment and ordered the thing done over again.

What were his motives? Was he a patriot, or did he foresee that the move would serve the owners of Chicago's downtown property—valuable men to serve? Was he sincerely for reform or was he secretly serving his political sponsor, Fred Lundin? Lundin it was remembered had turned in 1922 from intimacy with Thompson to bitter en-

St. Louis Post Dispatch *Report of the City Treasurer*

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mity. Thompson later had held up a caged rat for crowds to see and called it "Fred." Razor-keen of brain, Lundin might well have foreseen that a reassessment of taxes would tie up the city's funds and spill the mayor into a deep financial morass.

Whatever his motives, Malone ordered the reassessment to begin in the Spring of 1928, with the Chicago assessors bowing to the inevitable and even going so far as to employ the independent tax-experts whom the reformers had previously used in an unofficial survey. The work proceeded slowly, blocked at every turn and delayed by those who had profited under the old régime.

Meanwhile the city and its many separate taxing bodies have raised operating funds, as they had in the past, by issuing tax-anticipation warrants.

The reassessment figures, when made public, were met by a multitudinous howl. Part of it came from the old, evil army of "tax-fixers" who hated the reform for obvious reasons, part of it came from politicians who saw their chance for graft grow less, and part of it came from persons who sincerely felt themselves mistreated by the new figures.

Mayor Thompson arose to denounce the reassessment as a shifting of the tax-burden from the shoulders of big property owners to small householders. True it was that the valuation on downtown property had been cut $119,000,000, a matter of 22½ per cent. In answer it was pointed out that this figure was not unjust since the valuation for the whole city had been reduced $518,093,073. Lawyers disputed whether the reassessment was legal or not, and in this chaos, the City of Chicago drifted upon the most doleful Christmas in its history—no funds to pay schoolteachers' salaries; policemen and firemen threatened with no wages. The schoolboard, already in debt to its legal limit, owing around $10,000,000 and unable to pay interest on its 1928 debts, talked of shortening the term, and of canceling much-needed new buildings for the children. Chicago's banks, loaded to what they describe as their limit with the tax-anticipation warrants of two past years, refused to advance funds for the city's 1930 expenditures. Faced with this horror, the City Council pruned its budget, found Mayor Thompson ready to veto such legislation since, as he said, the city could not function on such reduced appropriations. He would have to cut the police and fire-fighting forces —*did,* in fact, let some men go. After a period of frenzy the thing was compromised with the firemen and police reinstated and the majority of the council's economies adopted.

All this was mere skirmishing. The real issue remained unsettled. How was the city to be financed until the reassessment taxes could be paid—if, indeed, they were to be paid? To fix that date Louis Emmerson, governor of the state, hurriedly summoned a meeting of taxing officials late in January 1930. June 1 was the happy day named. But by February 1 this was seen to have been too optimistic a forecast, for thousands of protests must be heard by the Board of Review before money could flow in. It seemed inevitable that late Summer would be the earliest time of relief.

How could the city carry on till then?

Forward came a Citizen's Committee, headed by Silas H. Strawn, leader of the bar, said by some to be congenitally a representative of the capitalistic viewpoint, by others to be a sincere patriot. Tentatively, Strawn suggested that wealthy men of the city might advance funds to tide the city over its emergency. He talked of $20,000,000 and of $50,000,000—but, in any event, he must insist that the lenders of the money supervise its expenditure. They must look over every city official's shoulder and see that none of the funds went for spoils and pay-rolling nonsense. Mayor Thompson spurned this offer, describing it as a usurpation of government. Other officials said it might cause lack of confidence in the city fathers. The mayor's financiers in City Hall boasted that they would yet save the city by raising funds through taking the tax-anticipation warrants to New York or over-seas. In view of the close harmony between all transcontinental and international bankers this idea seemed naïve. Thompson's spokesmen said that Chicago's bankers were advising out-of-town financiers to keep out of the muddle.

Detroit News

A side show for Chicago's World's Fair

Another plan advanced by the City Hall thinkers was the issuance of these tax-anticipation warrants in small amounts to employees in lieu of salaries. The bankers countered by announcing that they would not accept them if presented.

So as February dawned the merry-go-round whirled on, with the citizens wondering how under the sun they can pay three years' taxes all in one fiscal year. Granting that this can be done, how is the city to ever catch up on its indebtedness? How will it help if Thompson be cast from City Hall and replaced with another man, who however economical and zealous, will be at the mercy of old systems? How is the city to prepare itself for the much-dreamed-of World's Fair on the lake-front in 1933? How can a state-wide income tax ever be obtained while manufacturing interests oppose it? How will the city stagger along until the first taxes roll in?

Many detatched observers guess that the bankers will win and that Mayor Thompson, helpless in the emergency, will be forced to accept the stern aid of the Strawn "rescue" committee. They guess that the Republic of Thomas Jefferson will see, very shortly, a strange sight—a city of 3,000,000 people openly ruled by capitalists, who, however patriotically inclined, will be dictators by the power of money and not by the votes of citizens who were, by the terms of the Declaration of Independence, expected to rule themselves.

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Storms Over India

Will Great Britain Retain Control?

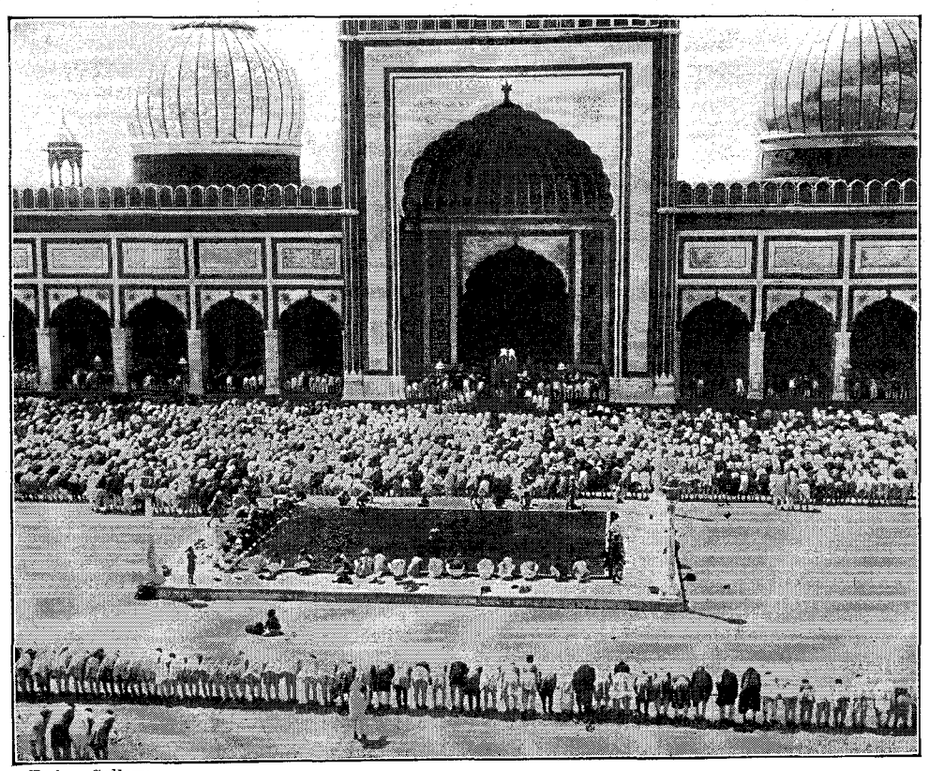
By P. W. WILSON

The Indian National Congress, meeting at Lahore, declared for the independence of India. Does this portend a new revolution in a troubled world? Mr. Wilson, a former member of the British House of Commons and the author of several books on foreign affairs, feels that British withdrawal is impossible. Too many factions in India make a drive for independence futile

WITH her crowded cities, her gorgeous mosques, temples and palaces, her agelong piety, poverty and pride, the vast and varied Empire of India, embracing one fifth of the whole human race, is today confronted by a crisis. It is a crisis, political, economic, religious, social, racial; and it includes revolution. Meeting at Lahore, the Indian National Congress has repudiated the Union Jack, raised the flag of independence, and under threat of boycott and nonpayment of taxes, demanded that, without delay, British rule shall be brought to an end.

For years, this supreme test of statesmanship has been foreseen as inevitable. A western sovereignty has consolidated southern Asia. By means of roads, railways, telegraphs, the establishment of peace, the enforcement of law and the development of industries, a continent of separate communities, literally to be numbered by the hundred, are brought into intimate touch with one another, and at the same time, are permeated with the civic ideals, the science, the scholarship, the evangelism, the medicine and the customs of Europe. In the long and often terrible story of imperialism, there has been no experiment in alien rule comparable with this, and we are now faced by results. India has been welded into a fact, and the fact, definite as China, definite as Japan, stares us in the face.

Look at Lahore itself, India's Philadelphia, where independence was declared. With its narrow and tortuous streets, best to be seen from the back of an elephant, its latticed windows, suggestive of the purdah for women, its historic fort built by the great Akbar, and its farfamed gardens where pale hands, beloved in song, dip their pink tips in the soft, cool waters of the Shalamar, this capital of the Punjab, ancient as the invasions of Alexander the Great, symbolizes in one colorful picture the past and the present of India. The crisis does not mean that East has been turned into West. East is still East, West is still West, but the twain have met; and gathered under their immense marquees, those thirty thousand delegates insisted that, for the future, East and West shall now meet, not as rulers and ruled, but as equals.



Ewing Galloway

Ten thousand Moslems at prayer before the Mosque at Delhi

If the language, used at Lahore, has aroused a world-wide astonishment, it is no wonder. Is it really true that, here and now, the British are to be turned out of India? Consider what it would mean. The Nationalists declare that they have reached their year of liberation, India's 1776. But the population of the Thirteen Colonies in 1776 was under four million, while in India alone that population is 330,000,000. Beyond the Indian frontier, the prestige of Britain overshadows Burmah, Iraq, Palestine and Arabia, to say nothing of Nepal, Tibet and Afghanistan. If, moreover, the British were to evacuate India, western influence over the whole of southern Asia would be sensible of the shock. The French in Siam and Indo-China, the Dutch in Java, Sumatra and Borneo, and even the United States in the Philippines would know that the very foundations had been shaken.

It is thus remarkable that a Congress in India and later demonstrations, undoubtedly seditious as the word is usually defined, should have been regarded with so little alarm. There is no seismograph more sensitive than a stock exchange, but despite the fact that the Nationalists reserve the right to repudiate India's financial obligations, the exchanges are undisturbed. The spectre of Bolshevism evokes no panic.

We have to ask ourselves, therefore, to what extent the Declaration of Independence is to be accepted at its face value, and accuracy in the use of terms

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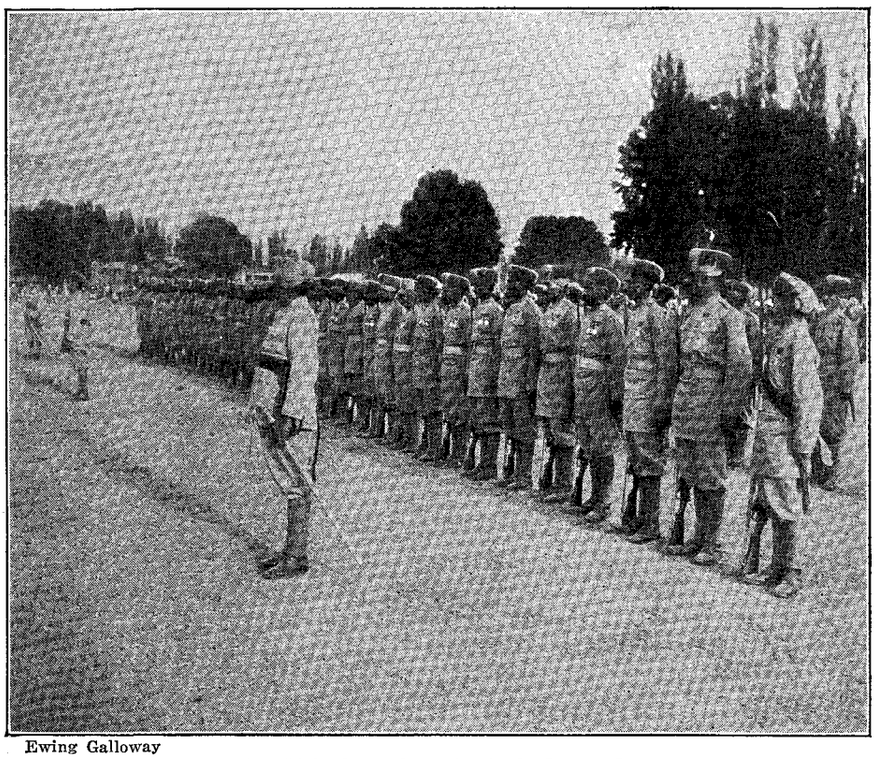
is essential. India is described sometimes as a second Ireland, and there are political prosecutions—for instance, those occurring at Meerut—which lend color to the comparison. But it is just because, in reality, India can never be a second Ireland that the position is so often misunderstood. The population of Great Britain is ten times the population of Ireland, and "the predominant partner" is near to her neighbor. To hold Ireland by force, however unjustly, however unwisely, was thus physically possible.

But the population of India is eight times the population of Britain, and the distance between Delhi and Downing Street is, perhaps, 7000 miles. The number of white officials throughout the whole of India is only 1500 or about one to 220,000 inhabitants. The rest of the Civil Service, including magistracy and police, is wholly Indian; and of the Army, one fourth alone is British. It means that while the sovereignty is alien and autocratic, it must be an autocracy to which the people themselves assent. If the peoples of India were to unite against the British, it is inconceivable that a government in London, and especially a Labor government, would attempt to enforce its sovereignty at the point of the bayonet.



Ewing Galloway

The Sikhs demand a stripe in the Indian flag

We are faced, therefore, by an apparent paradox. On the one hand, there is an authority, that depends on an acquiescent public opinion. On the other hand, the Indian National Congress declares that public opinion is against this authority. It is well for us, then, to examine the credentials of the Indian National Congress. Whom does it represent?

In the United States, the word congress has a well understood meaning. It is a meaning which is clearly defined by the Constitution. The only body in India, corresponding even remotely to Congress at Washington, is the Parliament which meets at Delhi. What met at Lahore would have been described in this country as a convention. It was important, but it was only "national" in the sense that no convention meets which does not call itself national. Such conventions, all of them national, are summoned respectively by the Republican, Democrat and Socialist Parties in the United States, but they voice very different volumes of sentiment.

The Indian National Congress has been in existence for more than forty years. It was founded as the mouthpiece of a nation that was gradually finding itself. Moslems, Hindus and Christians sat in the Congress, side by side, and Anglo-Indians themselves have presided over the proceedings. But the Congress has intensified its appeal, and today we have not so much a national mouthpiece as the trumpet of a party. Without doubt, the Congress is an expression of India's yearning for a sovereignty, independent of foreign tutelage. But when it comes to the question when and how autonomy is to be achieved, the Congress challenges controversy.

If the British autocracy were Bourbon, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, the position of the Congress would be simple. With the backing of all India, it would blast away the obstacle and clear the way for freedom. But the British Raj is not such a Czardom. As India yearns, so does England yield. Since the year 1917 it has been repeatedly made plain that the objective of Great Britain in India is the organization of Dominion Status. On the League of Nations, India has a seat. At Delhi, a parliament has been established, with legislatures in the provinces. It may be that these bodies were started with a nominated as well as an elected membership, that their powers are limited in important respects, and that, as yet, the franchise is restricted to 8,000,000 voters. But the Constitution provides for a decennial revision, and the first of these revisions is now due. In preparation for it, there have been proceeding a series of elaborate inquiries, of which the most important is associated with the name of Sir John Simon, a Liberal, and probably the greatest of living lawyers in the British Empire. It is in face of this situation that the Congress, emphasizing Swaraj, summons all patriotic Indians to refuse cooperation with the government, to withdraw from the legislatures and to disobey the law by resisting taxation.

Conventions, meeting in multitudes, are liable to be stampeded. At Lahore, it was the older men, Gandhi included, who were stampeded by a youth movement, and in such situations pretexts are usually forthcoming. No Indian, it was said, sat on the Simon Commission. Had not the very Viceroy declined to release imprisoned Communists, and did not speeches in Parliament appear to postpone Dominion Status, as promised, until the Greek Kalends? To all this the answer is, surely, that it is beside the point.

(Please Turn to Page 357)

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The Trend of Events

Religion in Russia

WHEN LENIN promulgated his New Economic Policy, extending limited recognition to private enterprise, the Russian campaign against religion temporarily slowed down. Now that Stalin has swung back to first Communist principles, it has been broadly and fiercely renewed.

As far as other countries are concerned, whatever goes on in Russia goes on chiefly in the dark. It is so in this case. However, the Soviet government is plainly frowning on religious propaganda while endorsing anti-religious propaganda. That it is determinedly restricting the exercise of religion admits of no dispute. Thus in 1921 it forbade the teaching of religion to persons under 18. Not long ago it issued a 6,000-word decree entangling religious associations in a boundless mesh of prohibitions and regulations.

Just now the campaign has special significance. The priests are regarded as staunch allies of the abominated rich peasants, or kulaks. Seeking to dislodge the kulaks and to collectivize their farms, political authorities look on the church as an enemy.

In the world outside, Russia's transformation of churches into museums, of monasteries into movie houses, of relics into funds for the advancement of the industrial program, has stimulated dislike of Communism. Two weeks ago, Pope Pius protested against the "numberless atrocities, ungodly campaign, and wholesale arrests of Christians" and called on Roman Catholics to offer prayers on March 19 for Russia's reformation. In similar tone, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as spokesman for the Church of England, denounced the Russian campaign and raised the issue in Parliament. In the House of Lords, Conservatives, not unwilling to embarrass the government, expressed fear that Russia's anti-religious propaganda might spread to other lands. In the House of Commons, Foreign Minister Henderson announced that he had asked the British Ambassador to Russia for a report.

Protests by church authorities outside Russia, made of course with little sympathy for Communist ideals, are natural and inevitable. Yet, however forcefully other governments may express disapproval, probably they will not try to compel Russia to change her course. Intervention by one government in the affairs of another is a ticklish business. In this instance, it would doubtless be futile. It might even intensify the Russian campaign against religion. It would certainly cement Russia's suspicion that her capitalistic neighbors are seeking an excuse to fly at her throat.

Humanizing Submarines

IN THEIR PUBLIC SESSION on submarines the five naval powers agreed that, when used against merchantmen, the submersible must be bound by rules applying to surface ships. Secretary of State Stimson regards this alone as ample repayment for the American delegation's trip to London.

Underwood

VIEWS WITH ALARM
Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury denounces anti-religious campaign in Russia

As had been foreseen, France rejected all proposals to scrap the submarine and be done with it. She also rejected proposals providing that its use against merchantmen be terminated and that submarine commanders violating the new regulations be tried for piracy. But, as had not been foreseen, she agreed that merchantmen must be boarded and their passengers and crews transferred to places of safety before these craft can be sunk. In other words, she accepted part and rejected part of the Root resolution, submitted at the Washington arms conference of 1922.

At best, of course, France agreed to the formulation of another rule of war, and, as the last embroglio demonstrated, when the fighting grows hot rules of war are apt to crack. It is none the less noteworthy for France to concede something when she had been expected to concede nothing.

Under the London agreement, France can still use her submarines as she pleases against fighting ships. How she can still use them effectively against merchant ships is a question. A surface warship can take aboard a merchantman's passengers and crew before sinking it, but fifty extra guests in even the largest submarine would mean standing room only. Though sound economics discourages the use of Big Berthas against mosquitoes, one of our new 2,500-ton V-boats might sink a thousand-ton freighter, taking aboard its crew of, say, twenty-five. After that it would be useless against merchantmen until it unloaded.

Yet France does not expect the new regulations to cramp her style. In the World War, she declares, British submarines operated in the North Sea and the Baltic both efficiently and in harmony with international law. Can French submarine commanders intend to take along surface ships, as receptacles for passengers and crews, whenever they set out after big merchantmen? Have they some plan to break the spirit of the London agreement without breaking its letter? Many observers are wondering what France has up her sleeve.

Ford as Pedagogue

COLLECTING LITTLE RED schoolhouses, correcting Edison examination papers, and founding the Edison Institute of Technology at Dearborn apparently gave Henry Ford an idea. He now announces that he will devote the remainder of his life to education. He will spend $100,000,000 or so to establish schools in various parts of the country, where every student will learn a trade, as Mr. Ford believes a young man should, "to keep him active and out of trouble." It is assumed that history, which Mr. Ford once dismissed as "bunk," will have no place in the curriculum.

There is nothing wrong with the picture of Mr. Ford as educator. Consci-

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ously or unconsciously, he has been this country's chief educator for many years. For major courses he has taught Mass Production, Five-Day Week, Short Hours, High Wages, and How to Increase Production by Increasing the Consumer's Capacity to Buy. From supplementary lectures the public is constantly learning new and juicy facts, for example, that prohibition is effective with ninety-nine per cent of our population, and that it is not necessary for a boy to save his money to succeed. Lately, the country has been treated to a first-rate laboratory course in How to Embalm Picturesque Bits of a Civilization Which You Have Been Instrumental in Destroying. This last includes lectures on Antique Furniture, Square Dances, Old-Time Fiddlers, Mary Had a Little Lamb, Quaintness and How to Transplant It—with field trips to Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Massachusetts, and to the Ford Early American Village in Dearborn, Michigan.

But there is more to learn. Americans, it seems, have not yet mastered sufficiently Mr. Ford's abhorrence of waste. They continue to send their offspring to high schools and colleges, whence they emerge, all too frequently, untrained in any specific work, unsought by high-pressure employers, and obliged to "shift about aimlessly." Obviously this will never do. Let us thank our stars that we have Mr. Ford to place his finger so squarely on the root of the trouble and correct it.

▸▸*Upset*

POLITICIANS SAT UP and stared when the Second District of Massachusetts elected a Democrat to represent it in Congress, Semi-urban, semi-rural, with no great preponderance of either native or foreign population, the home district of Calvin Coolidge has been a Republican stronghold for forty years. Before Speaker Gillett became Senator Gillett in 1924, it sent him to the House for sixteen consecutive terms. In 1928, it gave the Republican candidate for Representative a majority of about 8000. This year it gave the Democratic candidate a majority of about 5000.

What caused the upset? If the question must be answered in a single word, say "Prohibition." Discontent has been growing for some time. The district went for Smith by some 400 votes in 1928. At the same time, it rousingly approved a proposal to repeal the 18th Amendment. Last fall, for the first time in many years, Springfield, largest city in the district, elected a Democratic mayor.

Though he sought nomination in 1928 as a dry, Mr. Griggs, the serious-minded Republican candidate for Congress, read the signs, wrestled with his Methodist conscience, and announced that this year he felt duty-bound to respect the public demand for repeal. Then, frightened by clerical outcries, he temporized. He might, he intimated, stand as a wet in the special election only, returning to the arms of the Anti-Saloon League in the regular election next fall. The gymnastic straddle was vain. Irreconcilable drys divided their votes between two political opportunists presenting themselves as "constitutionalists." Some

Keystone

MAN WHO KNOWS COOLIDGE
William J. Granfield, Democrat, wins victory in former President's home district

may have stayed at home, though the balloting was unusually heavy. But the great majority of the voters in towns and cities alike plumped for "Billy" Granfield, the short, athletic, Irish police court lawyer, who, a wet, has never been anything else and never expects to be. Hence the election sticks a feather in the cap of political courage and honesty.

Though prohibition was the upjutting issue, there were others. Democratic orators capitalized heavily on industrial unemployment. Concluding the campaign, Senator Walsh asked the voters to rebuke the Administration for failing to maintain prosperity. Unemployed factory hands may have been joined by disgruntled investors. In any case, the outcome gives no comfort to Massachusetts Republicans, faced with the election of a Governor and a Senator in November. It gives even less to the Administration, two of whose cardinal policies, prohibition and prosperity, have been sourly questioned by Republican voters.

▸▸*Bearing Down*

THE PROHIBITION POT is boiling with a fury almost unprecedented. Day by day the newspapers overflow with descriptions of ever more desperate and ever more futile efforts to enforce an unenforceable law.

From Albany comes the news that padlocks will be sought for 1,700 restaurants, speakeasies, and hotels in Northern New York State. From St. Louis the news that 132 men and women have been indicted by a Federal Grand Jury on charges of violating the Jones law. From Los Angeles the news that the Government will seek to confiscate a $100,000 ranch which recently harbored a still. From Washington, D. C., the news that authorities have started a case to settle the much-mooted question whether a buyer of liquor may be punished under the Volstead Act. From Philadelphia the news that a Federal Grand Jury has indicted eleven men, charged with diverting a million dollars' worth of industrial alcohol to bootleggers during the past two years.

A good-sized case, this dwindles into insignificance by comparison with one recently launched in Chicago. In that city—we quote from a dispatch to the New York *Times*—there has been returned "a blanket indictment accusing 186 business concerns and persons, including thirty-four in New York, of being in a nation-wide conspiracy to violate the national prohibition law through the diversion of more than 1,000,000 gallons of alcohol a year, valued at in excess of $4,000,000 during the last seven years."

At Springfield, Ill., a Federal Grand Jury has indicted the Corn Products Refining Company and the Fleischman Company, yeast manufacturers. They are accused of selling corn sugar and yeast knowing that these materials would be used in liquor making. This appears to be a test case brought to determine to what extent, if any, the prohibition laws can be applied to those who supply moonshiners with the various necessary ingredients.

In New York City the most spectacular of recent raids was that against em-

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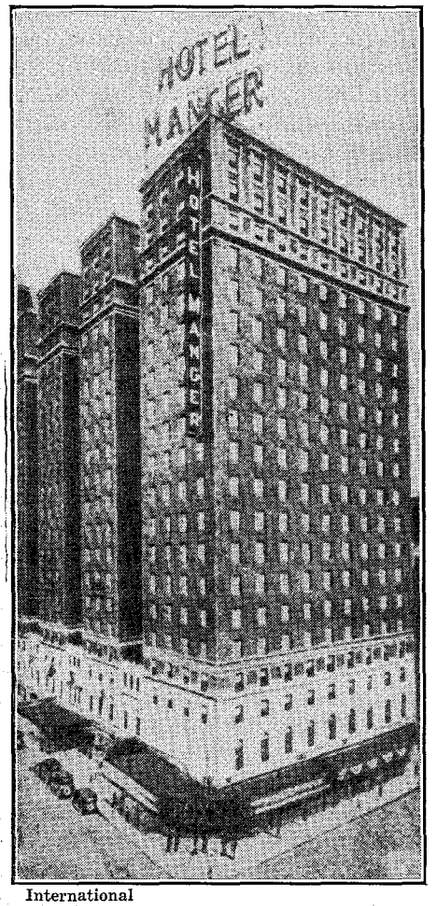


International

THREATENED WITH PADLOCK

The Manger, fourth largest hotel in New York recently the scene of a liquor raid

ployees of the Hotel Manger. Though it is not charged that the hotel itself served liquor, Prohibition Administrator Campbell declares that the management knew what was going on and threatens to attempt to padlock the entire hotel building. He also threatens to prosecute restaurants and hotels which furnish ice-ginger ale set-ups as well as individuals who display liquor in any public place. But no wonder Mr. Campbell is getting his back up. Even he admits that "New York today has less prohibition than it had before Federal prohibition."

▸▸*Flaring Up*

THE CHIEF IMPRESSION carried away from a study of these cases is that the prohibition laws are being violated on a colossal scale. A second impression is that present efforts to dry up the United States are so many efforts to dry up the Mississippi with a spoon. As enforcement agents proceed with their task, persistently blind to its hopelessness, the movement to displace an unworkable plan of prohibition with a workable plan of regulation steadily advances. Signs of discontent with, and revolt against, Jones-Volsteadism are everywhere evident.

Thus Senator Wheeler of Montana admits that there has been a complete breakdown in prohibition enforcement, possibly because of inefficiency, possibly because of corruption, and—damning concession from a dry—possibly because the law cannot be enforced. Thus the House bill, embodying recommendations of the Wickersham Commission, has already been modified so as to prevent a violator charged with but one offense from being tried first for a misdemeanor and then for a felony. Thus, and most notably, there is being formed an aggressive national organization, known as The Crusaders, which will support any proper measure to substitute temperance for the intemperance of prohibition and bring order out of chaos. A highly promising group, it has plans for a membership of millions. No sizable community yet to hear of it will long remain unfamiliar with its aims.

It is not to be expected that any legislative change will follow House Judiciary Committee hearings on bills to modify or repeal the 18th Amendment or its enforcement act. Prominent anti-prohibitionists are accepting the opportunity to express views which still further indicate the growth of wet sentiment, but, one and all, the bills will go down the skids. No sensible person denies that the House is still overwhelmingly dry. What it will be after the next few congressional elections remains to be seen. Unless the signs are all awry, the desert is due to be irrigated.

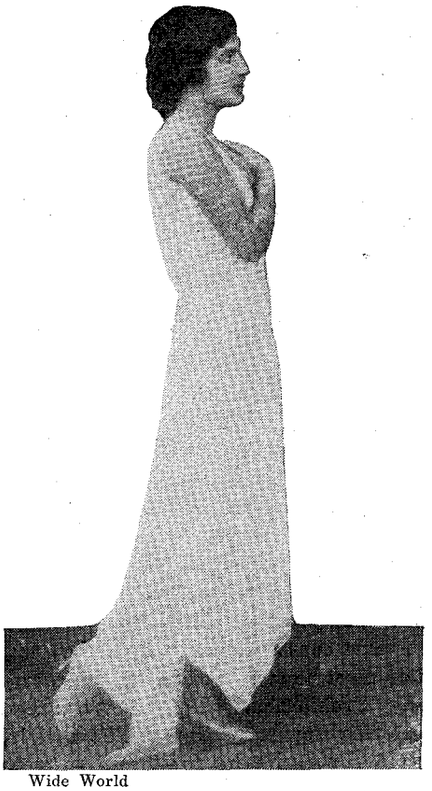
▸▸*Beauty Contests*

THE INTERNATIONAL beauty contest, now getting under way, is a disappointment. Nineteen European beauties—Miss France, Miss Turkey, Miss Greece, and so on—have been selected to travel to Rio de Janeiro and compete with the Misses from all the other countries for the title, Miss World. The honor carries with it a crown, a prize of $20,000, and, we had supposed—or perhaps only hoped—an element of finality. We were mistaken. This will not be a beauty contest to end all beauty contests.

Turkey, for instance, is unpersuaded that Miss Turkey is its most beautiful woman. In that country, where young girls are scarcely out of veils and unaccustomed to standing on tables in public for appraisal, many reactionary parents kept their daughters at home. Hence, it is hinted, the group of contestants from which Miss Turkey was chosen was not representative. Greece, too, is discontented. Its prize-winning beauty is of the pure, ancient Hellenic type and many Greeks prefer the more modern, or mixed type, which finds its truest exponents in Athens. Obviously, the contest will have to be held all over again. And again and again.

Pondering this matter, we have concluded that the reason there are so many beauty contests is that there are so many men who are willing to be judges at beauty contests. They are descendants of those knights of old who went from tournament to tournament jousting for the privilege of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty. Or they are those boys, grown up, who used to like to play "kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love the best." Or they are modern versions of old-school gentlemen who might not know much but who, egad, knew good horses and pretty women.

Since this spirit is likely to persist, and since formal beauty contests long ago became obnoxious, we suggest that they be eliminated but that small boxes with slit tops be placed in hotel lobbies,



Wide World

FAIREST OF THE FAIR

Alice Diplarakou, Miss Greece, who aspires to the title Miss World

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Underwood

IN ARMOR AGAIN
Senator George W. Norris, who opened and led the fight on Charles Evans Hughes

restaurants, railroad stations, and other gathering places for sightly women. Inveterate judges of pulchritude may then look critically about them, select the most beautiful woman, ascertain her name, and drop it, on a slip of paper, into the box. From time to time, the box can be quietly emptied by the janitor.

▶▶*The Senate Speaks Out*

Opposition to the Hughes appointment developed with astonishing speed. When the Senate met on February 10, it seemed certain that the nomination would be promptly and almost unanimously confirmed. Four days later, it had come within hailing distance of defeat. In the end, fifty-two votes were cast for it, twenty-six against it.

Despite the absence of able members, despite the Bleases and the Brookharts, the debate showed the Senate at its best. It was impersonal and dignified. It took little thought of public reaction and still less of party politics. Thus Copeland and Wagner, regular Democrats, defended the appointment, while the pro-Smith Republican, Norris, and the pro-Hoover Republican, Borah, opposed it.

At the heart of the controversy were two ideas. Mr. Hughes was opposed because he had retired from the Supreme Bench to run for President, and, failing of election, had accepted reappointment. He was opposed because his arguments as counsel for huge corporations, his rulings as Associate Justice, and his public utterances indicated too great concern for the rights of property and of large business interests as compared with the rights of States and of individuals. Headed by Norris and Borah, the opponents, marshalling their facts with care, interpreted them intelligently and persuasively. If there was one weakness, it was the failure to stress not only economic rights but social rights. The Supreme Court's approval of wire-tapping, for instance, should not have escaped unrebuked.

In the high office of Chief Justice, Mr. Hughes may surprise his critics by liberal rulings demonstrating that a sharp distinction must be drawn between the advocate and the judge. The force of their general position will nevertheless persist. The fight in the Senate has been useful. It has directed public attention to the narrowness of recent Supreme Court decisions. It has issued a warning that the Court's illiberal tendency must be checked.

Three of the eight Associate Justices are eligible for retirement now; two more will be eligible in two years, another in five years, still another in six. In all probability, therefore, the Court must be made over within the life of this Administration and the next. The debate in the upper House serves notice that if reactionary, tight-minded judges are appointed they may not be confirmed. The likelihood of securing a more liberal Supreme Court is greater now that the Senate has spoken its mind.

▶▶*What's in a Name*

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, sister of Senator Shortridge, will run for Governor of California. **Add**, therefore, another to the list of women who have sought office directly or indirectly on the strength of husbands or male relatives already well known in public life.

There have been two women Governors—Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming, widow of Governor Ross, and Miriam A. Ferguson, of Texas, who ran to vindicate her husband, who as Governor was impeached. In the House of Representatives are Congresswomen Kahn of California, Rogers of Massachusetts, and Oldfield of Arkansas, all widows of Representatives. Congresswoman Langley of Kentucky ran to vindicate her husband, the Representative; Congresswoman McCormick is the widow of Senator McCormick; Congresswoman Owen of Florida is the daughter of William Jennings Bryan. Save for Congresswomen Pratt of New York and Norton of New Jersey, who have no office-holding relatives, the roster of women in the higher brackets of politics is thus virtually complete.

This is not to question, in all cases, the ability of the ladies to seek and secure office on their own merits. Mrs. McCormick, for instance, unquestionably is a vote-getter in her own right. A number of women office-holders, including the would-be Governor of California, Mrs. Foltz, have sufficient political backgrounds to insure their being taken seriously on election day.

Nevertheless, until most of the women in high office arrive there unaided by the names of prominent male relatives, the ladies must bear with a certain amount of cynicism. They must also bear with such comments as, "Well, we have office-holders' wives, widows, daughters, and now sisters. Next, probably, it will be mothers and grandmothers."

▶▶*Government Price Fixing*

Surprisingly little tumult has greeted the Federal Farm Board's high dive into socialism. Is this because city dwellers, baffled and bored, have abandoned the whole subject of farm relief, while country dwellers feel that the less candidly the Farm Board's present activities are discussed the better? Is it because many who believe that the Govern-

Acme

SENATOR'S SISTER
Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz announces her candidacy for Governor of California

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ment must get out of business believe that it must get into the farming business?

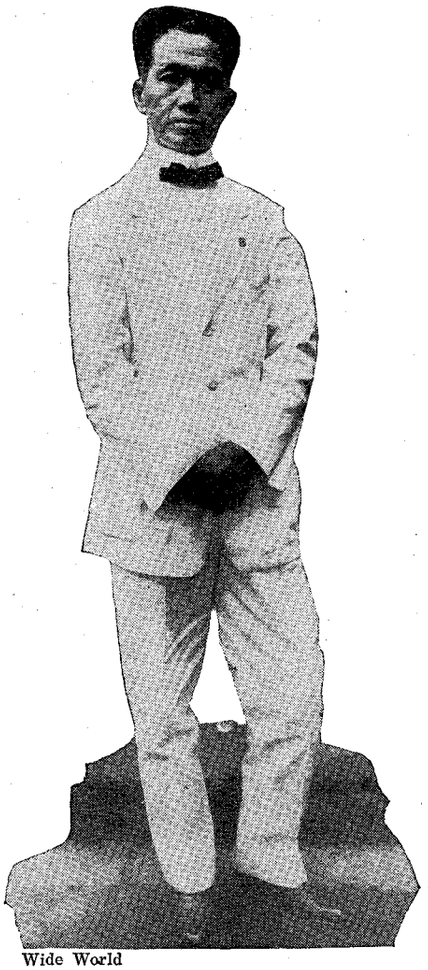
Whatever the answers, the Board, and hence the Government, is making a noteworthy move. It is now striving to increase and to fix wheat prices by buying, holding, and selling wheat with money drawn from the Treasury. The fact that it is working through a so-called stabilization corporation, organized by grain co-operative associations, does not disguise what, essentially, it is doing. The co-operatives have waived all claims to any profits accruing from the operations of the stabilization corporation, to which the Board has already loaned $10,000,000. All profits, of which there will probably be none, and all losses, of which there will probably be many, will fall upon the revolving fund provided in the farm-relief bill passed by Congress last year. If similar assistance is extended to cotton and other products, the fund may vanish before it does much revolving.

To say that all this is socialistic is not to say that it is wrong or that it is sure to fail. It may succeed, though it is now more than ever imperative for the Board to persuade wheat-growers to curtail their crops. Artificially fixed prices may tempt the farmer to increase his output and therefore increase the woes that accompany a surplus. The Farm Board's plan, moreover, may be at once socialistic and necessary. The Board is merely acting as Congress empowered it to act to meet an emergency caused by falling prices, and no one denies that wheat prices have been definitely on the chute. There nevertheless remains the necessity of seeing the Farm Board's latest move for what it is. There likewise remains the necessity of calling it by its right name.

▸▸*Aguinaldo*

LEAF BACK through memory's brittle pages—past the automobile crank, past the goggles and linen duster, past the horseless carriage—back to the high bicycle and General Emilio Aguinaldo. Forgotten him? Maybe never heard of him? He was a household word and a headline monopolizer at the turn of the century. His guerilla warfare in the name of Philippine independence caused more excitement in the United States than Carry Nation's hatchet.

It was a novel reminder of the past when General Aguinaldo, utilizing the sound films, spoke to former adversaries, members of the Military Order of the Carabao, at the annual dinner of the organization in Washington. The picture, taken especially for the occasion, showed Aguinaldo on the balcony of his old Kawit home from which, more than thirty years ago, he issued the proclamation of independence against the United States and started the insurrection which the American troops eventually put down. It's a different Aguinaldo these days. He recalled, rather



Wide World

BOBS UP AGAIN
General Emilio Aguinaldo, famous Philippine leader reappears in the news

pompously, the fighting in the bad old times, still proud that his people had defended the rights of nationality. But his heart, he said, was warm toward America and toward the benefits of America's rule.

Aguinaldo was the Sandino of his day. Of mixed Chinese and Tagalog parentage, he was born near Cavité in the province of Luzon and educated by Dominican friars in Manila. Though he took a leading part in the 1896 insurrection against Spain, he allowed himself to be persuaded, at a price, to trouble Spanish rule no further. Going to Hong Kong, he remained there until after the Spanish-American battle of Manila.

Returning to the islands, he secured America's consent to set up a native government and organized an army. In February, 1899, he turned about and opened hostilities against the United States, sought unsuccessfully to capture Manila, and drew American troops into several severe engagements. Outnumbered, he was forced to flee to the mountains. For months he continued guerrilla warfare until finally captured in March, 1901.

Aguinaldo has faithfully kept his oath of allegiance to the United States. A powerful force in Philippine politics, he has from his retirement directed favorable assistance to the American rulers. Grown old and conservative, he now dismisses the entire rumpus as a "mistaken comprehension of mutual objectives." Which is as good a way as any of summing up an old war.

▸▸*Baumes Law Again*

NEW YORK STATE'S well-known Baumes law, inflicting life penalties on defendants four times convicted of felonies, is once again under fire. In ten years time Ruth St. Clair was caught stealing three dresses and four coats from New York stores. Her first offense brought her a year in Auburn; her second, six months in the workhouse; her third, three years in State Prison. When she pleaded guilty to a fourth offense, the law made life imprisonment mandatory.

Mrs. St. Clair is twenty-nine years old. Her criminal record, though not attractive, is far from heinous. Because she is a young woman with red hair who, according to her speech for the talkies, was "thrown on the world at fourteen" and has often been cold, penniless, and hungry, her fate has been widely publicized. Therefore, the case offers a handy occasion for questioning the wisdom of such habitual criminal acts. Circumstances are bound to arise which, calling for sentences out of proportion of crimes, make these measures seem silly. Should they, then, be repealed? Or should they be amended? Should the term felony be redefined to apply only to acts of violence? Or should state Governors be trusted to correct all patent injustices?

It will be recalled that Governor Green of Michigan recently commuted the life sentences of Fred Palm and

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Etta Miller, dry-law violators convicted under that State's habitual criminal act. Governor Roosevelt of New York has indicated that he will study Mrs. St. Clair's case with a view to commuting her sentence or, at least, to determining whether she is mentally deranged. But such action usually is taken in response to public opinion and public opinion cannot be depended upon.

It seems, therefore, that, since redefining the term felony would be both difficult and precarious, the Baumes law and other statutes like it will themselves bear close and skeptical examination. Governor Roosevelt said as much last summer, when New York's prison riots were laid to the hopelessness of fourth-offense lifers. The Baumes law was designed to rid society of hardened and irreclaimable criminals. It does not seem to be doing so, though it may be taking its toll of the Ruth St. Clairs. States which have no habitual criminal acts will do well to think twice before adopting them.

▶▶*Whooping It Up*

THAT WAS a typical Heflin letter which the Hon. J. Thomas lately had printed in the *Congressional Record*. It denounced marriages between whites and Negroes in New York, intimating that they have been sanctioned by Smith, Walker, and Roosevelt. It blamed these "sickening conditions" on the Roman Catholic Church. It asserted that New York's "notorious social equality policy" was one thing which made Senator Heflin oppose Smith in 1928. When Senator Copeland sought to have the letter expunged, Senator Heflin roared afresh. He attacked the Pope; he declared that New York would be a fertile field for the Klan; he promised to continue his religious speeches although they endanger his very life.

If all this was faithfully reported in Alabama newspapers, the Senator was doubtless content. Three days later he was scheduled to open his hardest campaign. Now that his 1928 bolt has barred him from seeking renomination in the Democratic primary, the question is which the voters of Alabama love more, J. Thomas or party regularity. Pathetically, but not unnaturally, many of them love Heflin a good deal. "Old Tom" stands, as they stand, for religious bigotry; he waves the banner of white supremacy and dares the Negro to look him in the eye; he promises relief and sympathy to genuinely depressed farmers. More than half the people of Alabama are engaged in agriculture. About seventy per cent of the farms are worked by tenants whose average income in money is about fifteen dollars a month. Bitten by jealousy and fear of Negro competition, these people need Heflin's assurance that as whites they are superior to blacks.

Whenever possible, the Senator speaks from the steps of a county courthouse. Under the broiling Alabama sun, perspiration melting the collar around his bulging neck, his face grows red and white by turns as emotion grips his bulky body. There is no thread of argument, merely an uncorrelated series of outbursts. People may listen for half an hour, walk off and discuss the crops, and return confident that "Old Tom" will be booming still. Heflin is accustomed to all-day speaking with dinner on the ground. Occasionally someone will interrupt with "Amen!" or "Tom, tell the one about the nigger stealing chickens." Whereupon Tom will go through his well-known act, imitating the cackles and crows of chickens, putting the Negro to shame.

Hitherto, such tactics have worked like a charm. No one dared oppose Heflin in 1924. "Let them come out," roared the Senator, "just let them come out against Tom Heflin. I'll run them through the woods with cockle-burs in their whiskers." This year, however, may tell a different story.

Remarkable Remarks

The Republican party has never been a party of evasion.—PATRICK J. HURLEY.

Any one who is familiar with the enforcement law will admit that there has been a complete breakdown of the enforcement machinery. — SENATOR BURTON K. WHEELER.

Not only has there been no breakdown in prohibition enforcement, but it has been a gratifying and tremendous success from every standpoint.—SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD.

Peace societies are fakes.—REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES P. PLUNKETT.

Most of our pulpits seem to be filled with spiritual ignoramuses bent on covering their ignorance of the mystic way by half-informed chatter about almost everything else.—DR. BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

I learned to fight where brickbats were daisies.—JIM TULLY.

There is a new drama rising from unplumbed depths to sweep the nice little bourgeois efforts of myself and my contemporaries into the dustbin. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Humor can be a pretty serious thing.—DONALD OGDEN STEWART.

I do not wish to be bothered by suggestions from persons who have never made or saved a dollar, telling me how to spend a million.—HENRY FORD.

In America law and custom alike are based upon the dreams of spinsters.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

▶▶*In Brief*

THE VATICAN'S world-wide campaign in favor of modest attire for women should make progress as soon as two people can be found who agree on just when attire is modest. . . . The French Government stubbornly adheres to its opposition to trans-Atlantic flights. And doubtless will quite as stubbornly adhere to its practice of cheering and honoring whoever makes one. . . . "Stimson Invites Girl Stenographers and Marines to Get Acquainted at Week-End Gathering"—newspaper headline. Not, of course, that the decorous Secretary intends to encourage leathernecking. . . . We forget how many thousands of arrests have been made in Chicago's latest drive on crime. We remember, however, that in these anti-crime drives arrests sometimes outnumber convictions. . . . It seems that Connie Mack has won the Philadelphia Award, conferred on the resident "who, during the previous calendar year, shall have performed or brought to its culmination an act, or contributed a service, calculated to advance the best and largest interests of Philadelphia." For the benefit of the puzzled, it should be explained that last fall Mr. Mack's baseball team won the world series. . . . The Outlook and Independent enters the following in the Joke-of-the-Month contest for February: the statement by Secretary Crabtree of the National Education Association that surveys indicate a steady decrease in drinking by high school students; the statement by Senator Sheppard that prohibition enforcement "has been a gratifying and tremendous success from every standpoint;" the statement by Prohibition Administrator Calhoun that "New Jersey is dry; one can't buy a drink in Jersey."

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE CANNOT but wonder if the same parochial and political considerations which influenced the Senate in attacking and defending Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes have played a part at other historic moments in the nation's life—such as when Congress has been faced with the question of declaring war, making peace or formulating policies which, as will the elevation of Mr. Hughes to the highest court, have left an imprint upon generations still unborn. If so, it is our conviction that many a history textbook should be destroyed or rewritten. For the benefit of contemporaneous and future historians we record certain unreported events affecting the most momentous senatorial controversy in many years.

We would like to know, for instance, if earlier statesmen we have been taught to revere, approached a similar national problem with the "doubt, hesitation and pain" felt by a deeply religious member from a certain large State. "T——," said he to his colleague, "how are you going to vote on Mister Hughes?" "Why, I'm against him," replied the second Senator. "But, T——," interrupted the first, "don't you know he is one of the biggest Baptists in the United States?" "What of it?" retorted the other, "we're not voting for moderator, are we?" We noted that the questioning Senator's doubts were resolved when his colleague took the floor to denounce the appointment. As was true of so many members from the Democratic South, he did not find courage to line up against so eminent an American as Mr. Hughes until pushed into it. Had T—— concluded to support "the biggest Baptist in the United States," we venture others might have.

Senators Broussard and Ransdell of Louisiana continued to demonstrate their devotion to certain Republican principles. Having voted with the Republicans many times in an effort to obtain a three-cent duty on sugar for their cane-growing State, these two Democrats found the habit too strong to overcome and they trailed along with their G.O.P. playmates. We believe the same applies to Kendrick of Wyoming, whose Democratic tendencies are frequently neutralized by his desire for a duty on wool. Partisan motives, we think, also animated Senator Overman of North Carolina and "Tom" Walsh of Montana. These two Democrats voted in the negative although, as members of the judiciary committee, they had subscribed to a favorable report on the nomination.

In our opinion, Mr. Hughes owes confirmation to Alfred E. Smith's closest friends in the Senate—Wagner and Copeland of New York, Walsh of Massachusetts and Harrison of Mississippi—and, most of all, to Wagner. The two New Yorkers, we are certain, did not want to vote for Hughes, but feared it would be politically unwise to oppose such a distinguished fellow-Stater. There is no doubt that Wagner's tribute to Mr. Hughes won and held many Democratic supporters, and also furnished an alibi should members of the minority be subjected to criticism for their stand. Though we grant that Mr. Wagner voted and voiced a real and deep admiration for the new Chief Justice's capacity and integrity, we suspect the Senator gave some thought to the possible loss of Republican adherents in New York State had he withheld approval. Mr. Copeland, of course, simply followed along. Thus, though there may have been no politics in the appointment, as some speakers charged, there was in the confirmation. We mean this, we hasten to add, as no reflection.

Enright in N. Y. World.

But all I wanted was the Roof Fixed

Personal jealousies, we hear, prevented preparation of any concerted movement against Mr. Hughes. Senator Borah's associates as well as the statesman himself doubted until the last moment whether he would be for or against. Although he had spent a week in assembling ammunition for use against the President's nominee, the Idahoan did not appear at the judiciary committee meeting to register an early protest. Had he opened the battle then, it is possible that the outcome might have been different, since it would have kept several members from committing themselves to Mr. Hughes. Almost to the moment that he delivered his speech, Mr. Borah was doubtful if there would be "sufficient inspiration"—that is, sufficient support—to get him to his feet. When Senator Norris, then planning only a lone protest, was informed that Borah was thinking of jumping into the fight, the Nebraskan asked, sarcastically: "Yes—on which side?" Even Norris suffered some doubt of the wisdom of a general movement of opposition, since he feared it would tend to discredit the Insurgents and weaken their influence in other Senate conflicts.

Despite their failure to cooperate, there would have been but feeble resistance if anybody but such distinguished members as Borah and Glass had led off. Had the skirmishers been headed by Brookhart of Iowa or Blaine of Wisconsin, there would have been only a little fuss, as Mr. Hughes' great name and record affrighted the littler fellows at first.

We find the nation's reaction to the onslaught on Mr. Hughes and the court —to be divided. One group is represented by the federal judge who wrote to an Insurgent member:—"I begin to think Moses was right (when he spoke of the 'sons of the wild jackass.')" The other sentiment is reflected in the telegram sent to pious Simeon Fess of Ohio, always an ardent Administration man. It said, anent his vote for Mr. Hughes:—"I am inclined to think the inside of your head is as bald as the outside." A. F. C.

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Unamuno Is Back!

By T. R. YBARRA

WHEN General Primo de Rivera resigned last month as head of the Spanish government, thus putting an end to six years of dictatorship and saddling upon King Alfonso a large load of embarrassing responsibility, thousands of newspaper-readers all over the world, forgetting the fallen Dictator and his perplexed sovereign and the extremely cloudy political future of Spain, looked over the top of their newspapers to remark: "Well, well!—now Unamuno can go back!"

For, to many persons in many lands, the dictatorship in Spain was interesting mainly in its relationship to Miguel de Unamuno. Its continuance meant to them, merely the continuance of the exile of that fearlessly outspoken Spanish philosopher, novelist, pedagogue, politician, critic and journalist; its downfall merely meant Unamuno's return to his native land. Nothing that Primo de Rivera did in the whole course of his dictatorship, nothing in his fulsome manifestos, nothing in his despotic proceedings, could hold its own, in the eyes of myriads of non-Spaniards, with the latest news of Unamuno the Exile.

There came threats of revolt in Spain, seditious acts by discontented army officers, and the world beyond Spain's borders muttered: "Hm—wonder whether Unamuno will go back!" There came reports of quelled mutinies, of Primo de River's iron grip closing again on incipient rebellion, and the world said: "Hm—Unamuno won't go back!" An excellent example of the irony of history!—Primo de Rivera, bemedaled, be-titled (he is a Marquis), strutting Napoleonically across the Iberian stage, side by side with bemedaled, be-starred, be-titled Alfonso, yet both yielding precedence, in the world's consciousness, to a gaunt, owlish, poverty-stricken old professor, grimly waiting—first on a bleak islet in the Atlantic, then on the friendly soil of France—to hear the knell of the dictatorship which had driven him from his home!

Well, finally that knell rang, summoning Primo de Rivera from the seats of the mighty to the twilight of obscurity—and lugubrious indeed must its sound have been to the fallen general's ears! Yet that same sound was, to Miguel de Unamuno, gazing from the French bank of the Bidassoa at the lights of Irun, twinkling on the Spanish shore of the river, like the joyous pealing of bells welcoming him to his homeland.

"So now Unamuno can go back!" Thus spoke the world outside Spain, while Dictator Primo de Rivera reverted to mere General Primo de Rivera, and King Alfonso scratched his head and wondered what to do next. And Miguel de Unamuno, gaunter, more owlish and six years older than when he was driven from Spain because he dared say what he thought of dictators, crosses the Bidassoa and breathes the pure air of his native Basque provinces and speeds southward to his beloved Salamanca, where, for thirty-five years, he had taught and thought, there to be welcomed in a tumult of enthusiasm by students and townsfolk and everybody in Spain who believes in freedom of the printing-press and of the tongue and of the mind.

"I return to work for the Spanish Republic!" he said, as he quit France. The fall of the dictatorship is not enough for this fighting philosopher. For years he has dreamed of a Spain with a President instead of a King.

"Nothing is impossible to a believer," he wrote, years ago, in one of his clarion-like essays. "Nothing seasons the hardest, coarsest bread so well as faith!" Miguel de Unamuno is back in Spain, as strong as ever in his beliefs, as firm as ever in his faith. It is well for King Alfonso that he knows not fear, for he has thrown open the door to an adversary who scorns inaction, who speaks with electrifying eloquence and writes with devastating sincerity, touching to men's minds the spark that flames into enthusiasm. "Beware Unamuno!"—well may friends and foes of Alfonso chorus that warning; the path of the Spanish King, steep and thorny before, has not been made easier by the return home of the Sage of Salamanca!

For thirty-five years before Unamuno brought upon himself the wrath of Dictator Primo de Rivera, he was a professor at venerable Salamanca University; at one time he was also its Dean and, for a while, its Rector—which corresponds to President, in our parlance. But his fame rests on none of these honors; it came to him as he sat, eager and be-spectacled, in a café on Salamanca's beautiful old main square, pouring out practical philosophy to enthralled young Spaniards; it came to him from his writings, in which he called upon the Spanish people to rebuild Spain, to breathe into it fresh life, to banish outworn superstitions and come out into the light of a new dawn, befitting a nation which has tasted, in centuries past, glory and greatness and leadership. Nothing of the musty, dusty pedant about Professor Unamuno!—he is sunburned from long country walks, on which he speaks to high and low—preferably to the sturdy Spanish peasants in whom he sees the hope of the new Spain of his dreams.

"IF A PHILOSOPHER is not a man," said Unamuno once, "he is not a philosopher! He is a mere caricature of a man!" Always he has refused to be merely the cold intellectual—to him a life of aloofness, of bookishness, of scorn for everyday humanity, is anathema. For Goethe's despairing "Light, more light!" he has substituted "Warmth, more warmth!"

"We die of cold, not of darkness!" he exclaims. "It is not night that kills, but frost!" Nor does he utter these words from some comfortable savant's den; he shouts them as he strides through the villages round about Salamanca even in the bitterest weather, returning, chilled in body but burning in soul, to declaim to his disciples: "I do not want to live in intellectual peace, which means stagnation and somnolence! I have put warmth and life into my books. For their warmth and life you read them. I have put passion into my books—the passion of hatred, the passion of disdain, the passion of contempt!"

Ay, once more the venerable arcades of Salamanca's main plaza will ring to Miguel de Unamuno's eloquence! And, far away in Madrid, statesmen who believe in repression and reticence will squirm in discomfort and, maybe, there will be yet another illustration of the truth of that familiar old catchphrase: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

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In Punishment

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

In this instalment of "Thief's Progress" the author comes to the first of his several prison terms. His experiences in a Pennsylvania reformatory should satisfy those who fear that the inmates of our jails are being coddled

A SHERIFF'S DEPUTY took me to the reformatory, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. No word had come from my father. A fellow at the Lancaster jail who had been to the reformatory had told me: "You're in tough luck; I'd rather do two years at the penitentiary than one year there." Approaching it from the Huntingdon station I saw its high walls—three stories high; on top, at each corner, a guard with gun. We came to the front. The superintendent's house, covered with ivy, extended outward into a broad, smoothed lawn, bordered by a thick, trimmed hedge. Behind, on both sides of the house, ivy masked the high, brick wall. "It looks nice in front," I thought, trying to be hopeful.

I soon forgot the front. Through two high gates of steel bars I came into a large, circular room, in the center of which stood a platform surrounded by a railing. I was told to sit on a bench on the platform. From where I sat I could see through four steel-barred gates leading to cell-blocks. I sat waiting an hour. Guards appeared silently, walking on rubber soles, and passed. A few times they were escorting prisoners, who stole furtive glances at me. No one spoke or smiled. The guards looked hard; the prisoners afraid. I began to feel afraid. I clenched my teeth to stop it.

A tall, heavy-set guard came. I read "Deputy Superintendent" on his cap. He wrote my name, age, home address, on a paper. Then he rang a bell on his desk. A guard came, and took me to the barber shop. A prisoner clipped my hair off, close to the scalp. "Come here," the guard said. "Take off your clothes." "In there," he pointed, when I was naked. I went into a shower bath booth. A prisoner came, daubing my head, armpits, and hair with blue ointment. "Rub that in," the guard told me. He stood watching me until I had finished my bath. While wiping I smiled to him and said: "Makes me feel good." "Take that grin off and shut up," he said; "you'll be told when to talk." I thought: "Go to hell! I won't be scared into not talking and smiling;" but I hid my eyes and kept silent. Some old clothes were brought for me, and when I had put them on I was led to one of the cell-blocks and put in a cell. Soon a prisoner, accompanied by a guard, handed me a pan of stew, a thick cut of bread, and a tablespoon. Neither of them spoke. The guard shut the barred gate of my cell, and they went away. I put the pan and bread and spoon on a small table at the back of the cell, sat on a stool before it. I had no appetite. Instead, I stared a long time at the wall ahead. "He could have saved me from this," I thought, meaning my father. "All right—I'll stand it—it won't last forever—they'll have to let me go sometime. His 'star'! I'll show him how much of a star I'll be!"

In the afternoon I was taken to the office of the chaplain. He gave me a sheet of paper for writing a letter home, telling me to read the printed instructions at the top of the sheet. Then he gave me a Bible, saying that I would be allowed to have it as long as my behavior was good, but that it would be taken from me otherwise. I was glad to get it. "Something to read, anyhow," I thought.

From his office I was brought to the library. The librarian also was "Superintendent of the School of Letters" and "Moral Instructor." He was a tiny old, baldheaded man, with a wrinkled, hooked nose and a sharp, turned-up chin; he cackled rather than spoke. I could hardly keep from laughing at his appearance. He examined me in various school subjects, before deciding into what class of the School of Letters he would put me. He decided to put me in the highest class. Then he asked me what charge I had been convicted of.

"I can see you're a bright boy, Coffey," he said. "I feel sorry to see a boy like you here, as sorry as though you were my own son. A boy like you is wasting time here. I hope you'll get out in the shortest possible time by obeying the rules. I'll try to do everything I can to help you. One of the boys working here in the library will be leaving next month, and I'll ask the superintendent to put you in his place." My heart filled with hope. I thanked him. "A job in the library," I thought; "just what I'd like." He had told one of the prisoners working in the library to bring school books for me. I recognized the one who brought them as a classmate at Catholic High in Philadelphia. I told the librarian so, and he allowed us to speak to each other. He told me that he had been there a year and expected to be paroled the following month. He hoped I could get his job in the library because it was easy to get along with the librarian and very hard elsewhere. As I wouldn't be eligible to get a library book under the rules for some time, I asked him if there was a chance of his getting me one. He said he'd do it if I'd be sure not to say that he had given it to me if I were caught with it. I told him I wouldn't. He said he'd bring it the next time he collected books from my cell-block.

Along with my school books was a booklet describing the daily routine to be followed by each prisoner, and listing the offenses forbidden and punishable. It included also information of the requirements for advancement in grade and for release, and the circumstances incurring demotion in grade. Each inmate on entering was placed in the second grade. Six months of perfect behavior would result in promotion to the first grade. Another perfect six months qualified one to apply for parole. Then I read the details of the daily routine. At the sound of the bugle in the morning one must get up, wash, dress, make one's bed properly, and then stand at the door with arms folded while count was taken, remaining standing until the sound of the gong in the cell-block signaled that the count was finished. At the next gong-sound one must open the door, step out and stand at the railing along the tier, with arms folded, face and eyes to the front, head up; at second gong, about-face, arms remaining folded, and stand;

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third gong, unfold arms, take pan from shelf beside door and re-enter cell; fourth gong, close door quietly. The same procedure required at each meal. The sound of the gong signaled when one was to go to shop or school; at its sound one must be fully dressed—every button buttoned—open door, step out of cell, close door quietly, stand at railing, arms folded, face and eyes to front, head up; next sound, right face; third sound, march along tier to front, down steps to ground floor, proceed to place in ranks, and stand until officer gives command.

Similar minute instructions were given for every movement. Instant, full obedience to every officer was required. Every failure or departure in performing what was demanded would be counted an offense. In addition there was listed a large number of forbidden actions, which included talking, laughing, possession of articles not permitted—newspapers, magazines, books, pencils, tobacco, matches; exchanging reading matter; writing, sending, carrying or receiving notes; insolence; threats; assaults. It was pointed out that success in obeying the rules could best be accomplished by looking out only for oneself and disregarding and shunning every other inmate, and by realizing that in violating the law and becoming an inmate one had forfeited completely all right to decide one's own action.

Just before suppertime a small package was thrown into my cell by a prisoner who passed along the tier putting tins of food on the shelves outside the doors. I opened the package. In it was some tobacco, cigarette papers, a pencil stub about an inch long, and a note written on toilet paper. I read: "Dear friend Sorry to see you come to a place like this here is some tobacco and papers and a pencil I'll get you some more tomorrow if you rite me a note and promise to do the right thing for me I saw you pass my cell and fell in love with you baby try to give me a kiss when you pass my cell going to school. lovingly Tarr C201."

For several minutes I couldn't imagine what the note meant and thought that its writer must have been joking. What did he mean by wanting me "to do the right thing for him?" Then the meaning occurred to me. "I'll punch his face instead of giving him a kiss if I get the chance," I said. I tore the note and flushed it down the toilet. I kept the tobacco and cigarette papers and the lead pencil; I thought I might be able to get some matches.

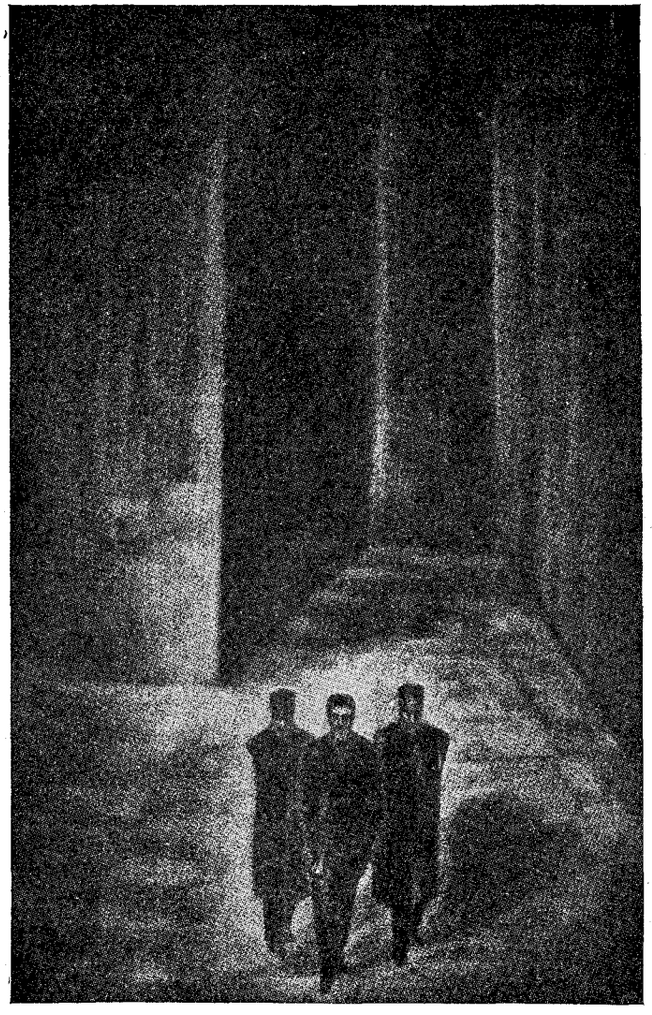

Illustration by Lynd Ward in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"
(Vanguard Press)

After supper I walked back and forth waiting for the gong to sound for school. It sounded—I went through the required motions for getting to the front of the cell-block. As I passed C201 I heard a whisper—"Kiss me, baby." It came from a short, thick-set, very black, long-armed Negro who leered through the cell gate. I choked with anger, but went on, nearly falling down the flight of steps to the ground floor because my attention was fixed on punching and kicking the Negro as soon as I could get a chance at him.

The school lesson was stuff I had been through in grammar school. I had hoped it would be interesting. I returned to my cell dejected, too dejected to resent the Negro's speaking to me as I passed again.

The next morning I was called out with other new arrivals to receive a medical examination. We were placed in line along the wall in the guard-room—the large circular room just inside the front gates—from which a door led to the doctor's office. Being the last to arrive, I stood at the end of the line. The guard in charge of us was at the other end, at the doorway to the doctor's office, far enough away to make whispering with the fellow next to me seem safe. We whispered through the corners of our mouths, questioning and answering briefly as possible. "Where from?" "Pittsburgh. You?" "Lancaster." He was in for "stickup—second time here—out only three months—getting plenty jack—had swell girl—pal got grabbed and squealed—dirty rat—get him when I get out."

Our conversation was stopped for a moment by the appearance of a guard and a prisoner dressed entirely in flaming red. The prisoner held my eyes; I felt instant interest in him. He was smiling, his head slightly back, as though proud of his red suit. He had a high, broad forehead over large flashing brown eyes, a straight nose, full shapely mouth, and firm curved chin. He walked wearily, but kept smiling, his head tilted back and eyes flashing. I felt like running to him, shaking his hand and asking him to be my friend. When he had passed I asked the fellow next to me: "Know that guy in the red suit?" He whispered "Yeh! Cuban—been to college—smart fellow—here two years—red suit all the time." The guard moved as though he had heard us talking, so we stopped and looked straight ahead. I couldn't forget the fellow in the red suit, and hoped to get a chance to know him soon. Another chance to whisper came. I asked how

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I could get some matches. "Don't need any—touch your knife to wires to your light—easy to get a spark."

The librarian sent for me the next morning and put me to work; although I hadn't yet been regularly assigned there. Talking about work was permitted, so I had a long conversation with my former classmate about old times at high school, and what had happened to each of us subsequently. He got a book from the shelves and slipped it to me just before I was taken back to my cell. I hid it in the front of my trousers. The librarian didn't send for me again. I had to stay in my cell; finished reading the book. "When'll I have a chance to get it back? Mustn't get caught with it. Maybe 'Pittsburgh' would like to read it. I'll take it to him when I go for choir." So, at rehearsal I gave the book to "Pittsburgh."

Until school, except for the few minutes required for supper, I walked back and forth in my cell—back, forward—one-two-three, one-two-three; slightly relieving my suffering. Then school—a chance to exchange smiles furtively, a chance to speak, perhaps to display superior learning and hear praise. At least old Smith, the teacher, was friendly. He disposed of the routine lesson quickly, then gave us several hard problems to be worked out in our cells, told us things in the day's news, including baseball scores. He stirred up argument—his wrinkled old face twitching and eyes shining; encouraged humor and laughing, except at the honest mistake of any one in the class. At the latter he stiffened, his face purpled and swelled out its wrinkles, his eyes became sharp points of steel, aimed at the laughers.

But each night the bell ending Smith's hour soon rang, and the lockstep quickly returned us to our cells, to thoughts of the days, the weeks, the months, ahead. There's the Bible to read, there on the table. I don't want to remember my sins, and feel guilty—I'm bad enough off now—getting punished for my sins more than they deserve. And I can't love my neighbor as myself in here—I'm forbidden even to love myself. Well, you have some tobacco and cigarette papers—roll a cigarette and try to get a light from the wires. Don't forget to smoke at the air vent, so the smell and smoke will go out.

After rolling the cigarette I moved my table to the front, under the light, placed my stool on it, took my tableknife, and climbed up on the stool. I held one end of the cigarette to catch the spark, the other in my mouth ready to draw; touched one wire with the knife, then the other. Flash! Darkness. I climbed down, took the stool off the table, put the table back. "Lights! Lights! Lights!"—I heard every one shouting. I must have burned out the fuse.

In the morning I was called before the Deputy Superintendent to answer to the report against me. I admitted its truth. "Who gave you the tobacco?" "I found it in my cell; some one must have thrown it in." "Do you know what we do when a man won't tell us what we want to know?" I steeled myself and returned his straight hard look. "I've told you all I know," I said. "I'll give you a chance this time because it's your first time, but don't let me see you here again soon," he said. I returned to my cell proud. I couldn't be made a squealer.

At school one evening the following week old Smith told me I had been selected as the valedictorian for the Commencement of the School of Letters which would be held in June. The opportunity excited me. All the members of the Board of Managers would be present at Commencement as well as a large number of visitors. Could I make my speech good enough to cause the Board of Managers to let me out in my minimum time? Maybe I could. I'd try. What subject would interest them most? I decided on "The Future of Our Country," in which I would point out the chief evils in our country—the same that destroyed Greece and Rome—and then tell of the virtues that we must practice to avoid the same fate and give our country the great future she should have. I started without delay to make up what I would say. Working at it kept my mind occupied. Another week went by without a report against me. "Gee!" I exulted. "I'm making the grade. Maybe I'll get by after all."

One morning soon after, on my return from the drill room, I noticed my Bible lying on my stool instead of on the table where it had been when I left the cell. I wondered who had been in my cell. On picking the Bible up to replace it I noticed a folded piece of paper which had been put under it on the stool. I unfolded the paper. It was a note with printed letters, saying: "They've caught a fellow with that book. Don't squeal, for Christ's sake." It was from my friend who worked in the library. The next morning the deputy had me brought from the drill room. He read off the report about the book. I admitted it. He called a guard from Ward B—the cell-block containing the punishment cells and the cells of fellows in the third and fourth grades. "Take this fellow to the tailorshop and put him in a third grade suit," the deputy told the guard. "Come on," the guard said to me. A few minutes later I came out of the tailorshop attired in third grade grey stripes instead of the black and grey I had worn before. On the way to Ward B every one stared at me. "This suit shows I'm no squealer," I thought, and held my head up.

The cell in Ward B to which I was taken had the same dimensions as the one I had left, but had a much lower, narrower and deeper doorway, that shut out light and sights and sounds much more completely. Other changes came from my reduction to the third grade. At first the pencil and five sheets of paper permitted me for writing my Commencement speech were taken from me, but restored a week later. All reading matter was strictly forbidden, even the Bible.

During my stay in "punishment" I had become acquainted with the Cuban I had seen in the all-red fourth grade suit, and to whom I had been attracted instantly. Being in the fourth grade meant, along with other things, confinement in a punishment cell. I learned that the Cuban's cell was the second from mine, and immediately sent him a magazine I had received and read—against the rules of course. He responded with a note.

"Dear Friend, Thanks for the magazine. I shall read every syllable of it several times, including advertisements, and then return it to you or send it on to any one you wish to have it. But please don't feel I am either unfriendly or ungrateful if I ask you not to take a chance sending me anything more. I have been here twenty-six months and expect to remain ten more, until the expiration of my maximum, so I know what it means to be stuck in this Calcutta "Black Hole" a long time. I don't want to suggest any morals to you, because I have none to suggest, but I advise you to *try like Hell* to get out of here in the shortest possible time. I came here with a

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heart and a brain; they'll send me out of here—next Christmas Eve, I suppose—with an empty stare in my eye and a stone or a ball of lead near my left lung."

"Dear Friend," I replied. "Your note makes me feel that knowing you more than repays me for coming here and for anything I may undergo while here, no matter what. I have wanted to know you since my second day here, when I saw you passing through the guard-room. So you see I can't quite agree with what you said about yourself in your note, that there isn't anything left of you worth identifying or being proud of.

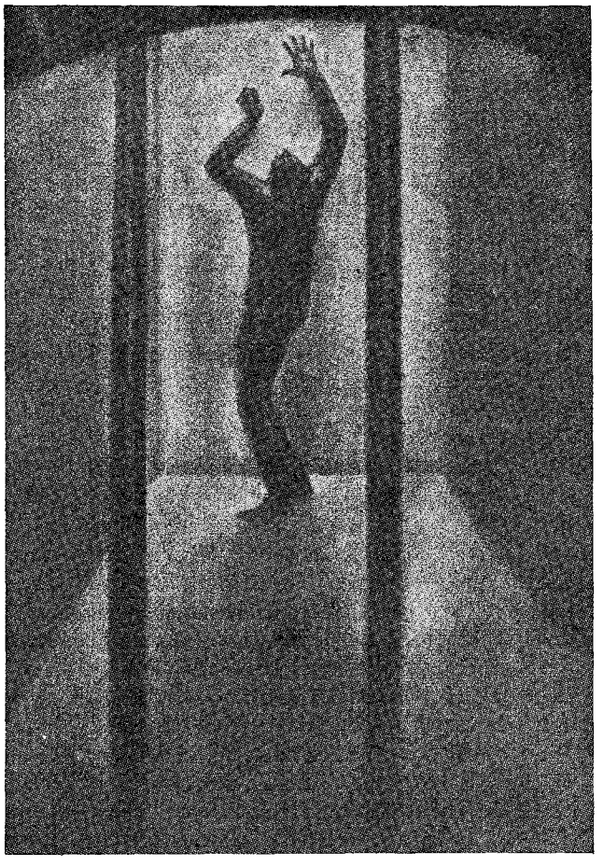
"But I don't disagree with you about this place. I've felt the rules to be nullifications of human nature and personality but hadn't put my feeling so well in words as you have. My feeling is too strong, though, to let me follow your advice—I'm sure I couldn't succeed if I tried. No, I've made up my mind to take the worst they have and come back for more, so that I'll go out of here feeling that every place like this ought to be wiped off the map, and that I can't do anything better the rest of my life than to try to accomplish that wiping off."

My release from punishment interrupted our communication, Frank remaining behind because he was still in the fourth grade. I carried his notes with me, wanting to reread them when I had nothing else.

The librarian sent for me the morning after my release. He said that he and Mr. Smith had decided to keep me as valedictorian, even though I had been reduced to the third grade; but they hoped to see me restored to the second grade at the next grade change, June 1. Would I try to keep out of trouble? "I can't honestly promise, professor. I could if I had enough books to read and keep my mind occupied, or some work to do that interested me. I don't know how to turn myself into a mummy."

Meanwhile reports against me were piling up again, most of them for talking. I was soon sent to punishment again. With the approach of Commencement I was released again from punishment, unrepentant and resolved to continue disobedience to the rules which I disapproved. I was returned to the mechanical drawing class and nearly every day was reported for talking or laughing and fooling.

Old Smith and the "professor" heard me rehearse my speech several times and praised me. I couldn't help hoping a little that giving it at Commencement would benefit me in some way, perhaps cause the Superintendent to change me from the mechanical drawing class to some place where I wouldn't be reported for talking.



From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" (*Vanguard Press*)

Commencement Day came. The exercises began in the chapel in the afternoon. With the rest of the participants I sat on the platform, the only one among them wearing a red suit, and also conspicuous because I was the smallest. The Superintendent sat before a small table at the front of the platform on one side; at the other side in several rows were placed the Board of Managers, their wives and prominent visitors who were their guests. Out in front sat rows of inmates extending half-way back; the remaining rows held visitors, among them many pretty girls. The program contained twenty-six numbers, thirteen for the afternoon and the other half for the evening. Mine, being the valedictory, came last.

I sat and waited, ready and confident, but tense with eagerness. The session seemed interminable. I repeated my speech silently, remembering it perfectly. The twenty-fifth number ended, and the Superintendent rose and said: "Number 7547 will now close the program with the valedictory; his subject will be 'The Future of Our Country.' My brain whirled and my heart raced with excitement. I renewed my confidence by leaving the manuscript of my speech on my chair after getting up. I reached the front of the platform fully relaxed and in command of myself, unhurried, dignified. "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentleman" I began and paused. I had deliberately refrained from saying "Fellow-inmates" as some of the other speakers had. I began my speech. Every one seemed bent forward with attention. I went on. Near the middle my memory lapsed for a moment, but I feigned a deliberate pause, recovered the lost words, and went on to the end. The applause lasted a long time. I clenched my jaws to keep back tears.

About an hour after the period had begun in the drawing class next morning, the chairman of the Board of Managers walked into the room, looked around and came to my table. "You're the boy who made the valedictory speech, aren't you? I want to congratulate you; the Governor himself couldn't have made a better speech. I didn't think a boy who could make such a speech ought to be wearing a red suit. I asked the Superintendent about your behavior and he showed me the reports against you. I didn't notice anything terrible against you—most of them were for talking and having unpermitted books and papers. I like to read and talk myself. But the rules here have to be obeyed—every one can't be allowed to do as he likes. I know you can behave better if you try. You ought to try, there's still plenty of time for you to make good; a boy like you will have a fine future if he tried. Promise me you'll make an effort. Will you?"

I promised, but with little hope of keeping my promise. He was a tall old

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man—nearly eighty I had heard—and his kindliness and age softened me. I didn't want to hurt his feelings by refusing to promise him. I felt it wouldn't help any to complain against the rules or to ask to be transferred from the mechanical drawing class. I was sure he wouldn't interfere with the Superintendent's running of the institution. I stood at my table remembering his praise of my speech, and then telling myself: "Perhaps if I'd make a new start and really tried—"

The next morning I was taken to the tailorshop, put into an all-red fourth grade suit, and taken back to my cell. Before many days my resolve to be courageous met a severe challenge. A fellow nicknamed "Skink," who professed admiration of my erudition, had written me numerous notes containing many long words mixed with slang. While helping to clean the Superintendent's office one morning, Skink stole several newspapers from the Superintendent's unopened mail, and sent them to me. I had read them and was waiting for a chance to pass them on to some one else when a guard searched my cell and found them. A few minutes later the deputy came to my cell. "Who gave you these papers?" "I found them in my doorway when I woke up from a nap," I lied. "These papers were stolen from the Superintendent's office before he had a chance to see them and we're going to make you tell where you got them. If you don't tell now I'll put you in solitary with the cuffs on until you do." "I've told you all I know," I said. "Take him to solitary and put the cuffs on him," he told a guard standing near.

I was turned over to "Iron-faced Andy," a guard who had been in charge of solitary nearly twenty years. Andy took me through a tunnel into a one-story brick structure which had no windows and so was completely dark. His flashlight revealed a row of cells. "Get in that first one," he said. I went in and he followed. "Hold out your right wrist." I did and he enclosed it with one of a pair of hand cuffs. Then he put the other cuff through a ring fixed in the back wall of the cell about four feet from the ground. After putting it through he locked it around my left wrist, which compelled me to stand facing the back wall, unable to get rest or support except by leaning against the back wall, first with one shoulder, then with the other. I knew that this would last each day from 7:30 in the morning until 4:30 in the afternoon. Then I'd receive a slice of bread and a pint of water to drink, and a wide board to sleep on. I stood in the dark leaning and thinking awhile; then: "Well, old boy, red stands for courage you know—this'll show you've got it."

I decided to refuse the bread and water. "If I don't eat it won't be many days before the doctor will order them to take me out of here to the hospital." I sang all the songs I knew, and hummed dance tunes for which I had no words. I recited my speech, and then all the verses I had memorized. Standing had tired me a great deal, so I tried kneeling; but to do it I had to hold my arms over my head and the blood ran out of them. The stone floor hurt my knees too. I stood up again and repeated my singing and reciting. I heard Andy's voice behind me: "Cut out that noise." "What time is it?" I asked. He walked away without answering. I started singing again.

Four-thirty came. I refused bread and water and lay down on the board they gave me. Sleep wouldn't come, I grew chilled, so I got up and walked after lifting one side of the board and leaning it against the side of the cell to make room. Soon I lay down again. Then I had to get up again because of the cold and the soreness produced by the hardness of the board. A few times during the night, with my head huddled inside my coat for warmth, and using my shoes for a pillow, I went to sleep, but each time was quickly awakened, either by nightmarish dreams caused by discomfort, or by the night guard coming each hour to see that I hadn't escaped or committed suicide. But the night passed, because Andy reappeared and handcuffed me to the ring in the wall again, which meant that it was 7:30 in the morning and that nine hours later would be 4:30 in the afternoon again.

The first of the nine hours lasted 240 minutes and each minute 240 seconds; the next contained 480 minutes of 480 seconds each; and the succeeding seven lengthened in the same ratio. I spent these lengthening minutes and hours standing and leaning, or kneeling until my arms went to sleep. When several hundred minutes of the third hour had passed I began tasting and smelling a meal of chicken and biscuits with gravy that my mother had prepared once in my childhood. I tried repeatedly to think of other things but none was important enough to hold my attention. But early in the thousands of minutes of the ninth hour I started thinking how enjoyable it would be to chew a bite of bread a long time and then fill my mouth with water and keep it there. Several times I thought mistakenly I had heard a key turning in the gate opening to the tunnel through which the guard would come at 4:30. Then I heard it again, and wasn't mistaken. He unlocked my door, came in and released my wrists from the handcuffs, and then I went outside my door and carried my board in. He left to get bread and water. "No, by God! I'll hold out till 4:30 tomorrow." He brought the bread and water. "I don't want any," I said. "All right," he said and took them away.

I spent the night huddled on the board, passing from shivers to nightmares and back. I knew morning had returned when I was told to put out the board and was handcuffed again to the ring. While he was fixing the handcuffs on my wrists Iron-face surprised me out of my dullness and weariness for a moment by saying in a voice much less gruff than usual: "A boy with your education oughtn't be having this done to him—you ought to be outside making a good living and enjoying yourself."

As the minutes crawled by I became too dull and tired to care about anything except holding out against their effort to make me squeal. Even my appetite had been greatly dulled. I told myself I'd be weak enough when the next day ended, if I hadn't eaten, to make the doctor order me to the hospital. I felt my pulse and it seemed slow. I distracted myself occasionally by mumbling through a random succession of aborted fragments of thoughts and memories. 4:30 miraculously arrived. I refused the bread and water again, although immediately afterward I felt like screaming for a drink. I spread out on the board and whenever I began thinking or feeling, stopped by making meaningless sounds.

My utter weariness made me sleep much of the night, but it gave me little rest. At 7:30 I was almost too stiff and weak to get up from my board. Andy ironed me again to the wall, but without saying anything. Some time after he had gone I began to feel I was getting too weak to do anything but hang

(Please Turn to Page 358)

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Buying Power in 1930

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The fifteenth of March, when income tax returns will be filed, is being awaited with interest by business men. Will the figures show reduced buying power for 1930? Mr. Scroggs feels there is no certainty of this

NEVER before has this country been so much interested in income-tax returns as it is in those which are to be submitted to the Treasury officials by some 4,000,000 Americans on the 15th of this month. These returns are expected to supply the answer to a riddle at which business men have been guessing since last November. From them they may be able to obtain their first definite idea of the extent to which the collapse of the stock market boom affected last year's incomes. This information is not sought merely out of idle curiosity, but because of its direct bearing on the buying power of the American people in 1930. The extent of business recovery during the next few months will depend in large degree on this buying power.

We now know something of the effect of the bull market on incomes in 1928. That was a profitable year for operators in the stock market, but the profits on paper were undoubtedly far in excess of those which were realized, since the prospect of high surtaxes caused many traders to postpone the sale of their securities. Nevertheless, many did take their profits, as is indicated by the Treasury Department's recent publication of classified income-tax payments for that year. This shows that the total profits obtained from the sale of stocks and other capital assets in 1928, as reported by the payers of income taxes, amounted in round numbers to five billion dollars. Not all of this represents profits made in the stock market, but the greater part of it does.

There is reason also to believe that a goodly sum was realized in 1929 by the sale of stocks in the months preceding the big break of October and November. But then came the crash, and the profits which might have been realized earlier were in numberless cases converted into heavy losses. Many who had taken their profits before the big break were unlucky enough to reinvest and lose all that they had previously gained. No one knows the extent of the actual losses, and that is why so many now show interest in the income-tax returns which will be turned in on March 15. From this they hope to get an inkling of what really happened.

The shrinkage in the market value of securities last autumn, estimated at thirty billions, sounds fearful, especially when it is compared with the annual income of the American people, now computed at about ninety billions, but the maximum decline in security prices does not indicate a corresponding shrinkage in the purchasing power of consumers. In the first place, many people went through the panic without selling their stocks and have incurred no losses, except on paper. In numerous cases their stocks are now quoted above the prices at which they were purchased. Obviously, the buying power of investors in this group has not been impaired. The market slump has merely prevented them from realizing hypothetical profits.

Again, although the income-tax returns soon to be filed may show a sharp drop in capital gains, including speculative profits, as compared with the preceding year, it is to be noted that the greater portion of the funds employed in stock market transactions would not ordinarily have been used in the purchase of goods for consumption.

FINALLY, it is to be remembered that many of the losses which will be reflected in the tax returns were deliberately established last December to reduce income-tax payments. Owners of stocks took advantage of the state of the market to establish a loss which could be deducted from their incomes. Many who incurred losses in this way immediately invested in other stocks, and with the improvement of the market since then they have wiped out a good part of their recorded losses for tax purposes. These sales to establish losses will certainly be reflected in a decline of government revenues, but they will not of themselves cause any reduction in consumer buying power.

In brief, the slump in stocks of last autumn is likely to have a relatively greater effect this year on the revenues of the Federal Government than on general purchasing power. So far as trade is concerned, the chief effect should appear in the demand for luxury goods. The incomes of wage-earners, small tradesmen and clerical workers create the bulk of the consumer purchasing power in this country, and these groups have been least affected by stock market troubles.

While the effects of the Wall Street panic on buying power during 1930 may prove to be slight, it is possible, nevertheless, that the demand for goods and services may fall appreciably below that of last year. As these lines are written the volume of business activity is reported as 7 or 8 per cent below normal. Car-loadings, a fair indicator of the volume of merchandise distribution, have dropped to the lowest point for this season since 1922, and wholesale and retail trade are lagging behind that of early 1929. It is becoming evident that unless there is a substantial improvement in trade and industry this spring buying power will be less than that of last year.

One fact now seems well established: the rather painful recession in general business activity in past weeks was not altogether the aftermath of the stock market panic. Other and more fundamental influences have been at work. We now know that the business tide was ebbing for at least four months before the break in stock prices occurred. What happened in Wall Street last autumn has accentuated the ebb, but it did not cause it. Business had been moving ahead at full speed for many months, and the net result was over-production and declining prices.

Surplus output and resulting low prices have reduced the buying power of the producers of cotton, wheat, wool, butter, sugar, petroleum and coal. There has also been a tendency to cut the prices of many manufactured goods. The supply of copper on hand has more than doubled within the year; of rubber we have perhaps 100,000 tons more than twelve months ago. The decrease in employment which marked the last quarter of 1929 was a natural result of this over-production, and the decline in prices which has followed is a natural corrective. The readjustment presents difficulties, but it is making headway. The curtailment of buying power which has occurred so far has not been sufficient to indicate the probability of depression.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

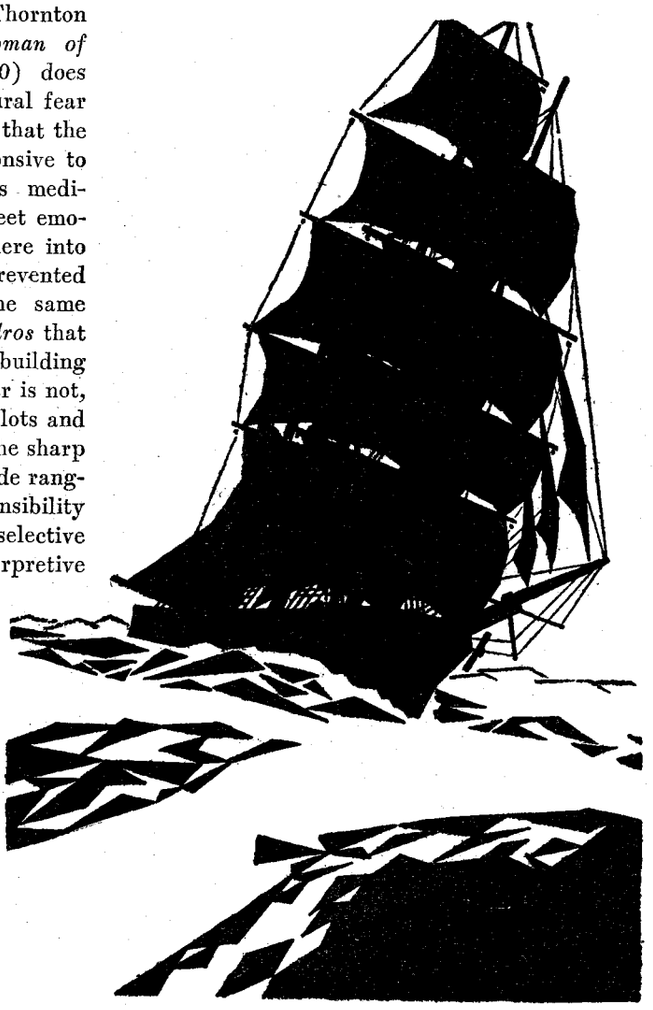
Comfortable Words

THE POPULAR success of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* (which cannot be attributed to the discriminating literary taste of the American reading public, since it ignores more important work) is a mystery (more enticing than any which the detective story writers invent). Thornton Wilder's new book, *The Woman of Andros* (A. & C. Boni $2.50) does nothing to lessen it. The natural fear of the exclusive æsthete, aware that the world is not immediately responsive to genius, that popularity means mediocrity, his dread lest his discreet emotion may have slipped somewhere into sentimentality, have not prevented Wilder from using exactly the same methods in *The Woman of Andros* that he did in *The Bridge* or from building on the same moral idea. Wilder is not, of course, an originator. His plots and characters are developed from the sharp suggestions received through wide ranging reading by a responsive sensibility and subjected to an exquisite selective taste. He creates as an interpretive artist creates and becomes lover and master of those plots and characters just as he is lover and master of a prose style developed and perfected long ago.

The story of *The Woman of Andros* is even more elusively simple than was that of *The Bridge;* a delicate and tender allegory of the few brief months in which love as opposed to duty disclosed itself in the Greek island of Brynos, in the days when the glory of Greece had departed and Christ had not yet come. It is a series of lovely scenes and of character sketches the economy of whose drawing is only matched by their strength and richness. Notably fine are the characterizations of the stoic Andrian hetæra, of the great sea captain become a child again through suffering, and of Simo, town father and father of the youth who loved the Andrian's obscure sister, a virile and moving type.

The Woman of Andros is rich in pleasure-giving qualities, but it prompts no fresh comment upon Wilder's style or content. He seems likely to occupy about the same place in American literature that Pater does in English. His prose is pure, lyric, metrical rather than rhythmic and marked by the true poet's sense of the right word. His philosophy is Epicurean. He loves the good because he is too sensitive to endure evil or the consequences of evil. Indeed all consequences frighten him and God's love is never so apparent as when He shuts eyes which have looked too long upon emptiness or to which the morrow could disclose only a prospect of disillusion. Inasmuch as he shrinks from consummations he must be called a decadent. And it is perhaps his touching pity for his fellows, prompting him to bestow even upon frustration some sense of Beauty as its own reward, and some beneficent wisdom upon those ways of Providence which are inscrutable to men which gives to his work, carrying that illusion of reassurance, its enormous popularity in this frightened land.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.



From the jacket design of "A Landlubbers's Log," by Arthur Warner (Little, Brown)

The Week's Reading

WITHIN THE LIMITS of its hundred and sixty-odd pages, *The Hoax* by Italo Svevo. (Harcourt, Brace $2.00) is a meticulous and perfect piece of work. It is highly characteristic of many Continental writers—the reader is not familiar with the work of Svevo—to produce some tiny, finished piece such as *The Hoax*—dealing with a single episode or mood. (A very recent example is *Early Sorrow* by Thomas Mann). In general such little masterpieces seem to have little substance and to be written solely as virtuoso compositions but there is more than that in *The Hoax,* as well as in the German tale. Mario, the poor old hack writer of *The Hoax* is drawn with a "sad sincerity." We cannot help feeling that in subtle and spiritual sense *The Hoax* is largely autobiographical. Mario's little fables of the birds are replete with homely wisdom.

It is open to question whether the publishers have done the distinguished author a service in presenting this exquisite and fragile tale in a separate volume. *Early Sorrow* (Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.00) has been previously published in a collection of stories called *Children and Fools* and although a complete and artistically perfect tale it loses something of its significance, like a motif

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in a large design, when separated from the group in which it was an integral part of the author's pattern. The reader must necessarily make certain mental adjustments when such a slight and delicate story has to bear the weight of a whole volume. In subject *Early Sorrow* is the most intangible, evanescent thing in the world—the first utterly innocent uncomprehended intimations of sexual love in the heart of a child. Thomas Mann has touched his theme of gossamer with the light hand of genius. Likewise the subtle spiritual and emotional relation between the little girl and her father is shown with a clairvoyance which at the same time proves the exceedingly fine timbre of the writer's own mind. And still we must regretfully ask whether this ethereal story should have to face the world on its own! The effect is somewhat like placing a Tanagra statuette in a public square. The Tanagra is lovely—the square may be too, but the sense of proportion is thrown askew!

Jim is a clerk in down town New York. The world in which he lives, moves, and has his being is epitomized in *Pay Day* by Nathan Asch, (Payson & Clarke $2.50). His light loves and rather pitiful pleasures are focused into that brief interval when he spends his week's earnings. Jim is neither brilliant nor heroic. He is not even a "nice" young man. Perpetually goaded by sex, perpetually frustrated, he has rather nasty ideas which the author expresses with extreme frankness and questionable taste but with considerable effectiveness. Mr. Asch's story has a very definite pattern which has been followed consistently and clearly. The book has proportion, balance. The author has etched Jim's night of tawdry pleasures against the ghastly background of the Sacco-Vanzetti execution. The newsboys call the extras, the patrons of speakeasies and dance-halls discuss the case reeling with bad liquor and jazz. The horror and fear of that well-remembered night provide the undertow in the current of Jim's trivial preoccupations, and in invoking the surging emotion of that night the author shows power and promise. At dawn Jim returns home sick and disgusted with himself. He looks at the East for the Sun—he suddenly remembers and says, "My God, they're dead."

It is one indication of the vastness of the War that among all the novels dealing with its manifold phases, none seems stale or repetitious, and granted the slightest competence on the part of the author, all have some elements of greatness. If this reader's memory is not at fault, it has remained for Eliot

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Paul to be the first in *The Amazon* (Horace Liveright, $2.50) to write of the handful of women enlisted in the A.E.F., who, chiefly by accident managed to reach the front lines. From this new angle Mr. Paul has written a thoroughly interesting novel, mature and civilized. He writes of four girls in the signal corps who served in the front line of the Argonne. One is killed in action, one takes prussic acid to avoid capture by a German Colonel who ironically is on the verge of collapse within his own lines because of the exaggerated report that he is facing an army of women, Alberta Snyder is shell-shocked and runs straight toward the enemy. Of course she is taken prisoner. "Among the missing" for years, after the War she eventually arrives in Paris where she falls more or less under the influence of one of the abnormal sisterhood which of late years has made that fair city its capital. Mr. Paul deals with these ladies with a sanity highly commendable. He does not denounce nor does he wring his hands in the currently popular manner over the "tragedy" of these futile neurotics. While mildly ridiculing, he wisely removes his young woman from the scene of their activities, in a logical denouement which saves the future for two war-torn souls. Lieutenant Alberta Snyder is a soldier who would do credit to any war novel.

Behind the Blurbs

A THOUSAND REPRESENTATIVE young people were questionnaired by the authors of *Mrs. Grundy Is Dead*[1] regarding their views on various points of etiquette, from which results a book telling, not what should be done, but what is done. Many of the answers are amusing and interesting, and the code is somewhat at variance with the code of yesteryear, but it does not seem to us strikingly revolutionary, although the head mistress of a prominent girls' school wrote the authors that she felt that their purpose of giving the young people the opportunity to write their own book of etiquette was cheap and impudent. "Young people," she wrote, "have gone far enough in shattering the social codes which are part of our best traditions, without being permitted to publicly flaunt their deplorable lack of manners." Rather too bad, wasn't it, that the good lady was so careless as to split an infinitive in her last sentence? We feel, somehow, that this offense against another established custom completely nullifies her argument. ☙ ☙ ☙ In the effort to guide your eager feet through the ghastly bloodstained maze of recent crime literature, we have for the past week been reading far into the nights, and we shall indicate below a few of the most gruesome by-paths. First and foremost among the new thrillers comes Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*[2]. It stands out among the rest like a .45 among a flock of cap pistols. It's about a detective, Sam Spade, whose partner is murdered while shadowing a man for a client. In finding the murderer, Spade runs afoul of the police, as well as of several sets of people who are all after a mysterious statuette. The story has plenty of action, a good plot, excellent characterization, and a startling denouement. Also, Mr. Hammett knows all about detective work, and the authors who really know that can be counted on the thumbs of one hand. This is not only probably the best detective story we have ever read, it is an exceedingly well written novel. There are few of Mr. Hammett's contemporaries who can write prose as clean-cut, vivid and realistic. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Mystery of a Butcher's Shop*[3] is a different sort of thing altogether, but it is irresistibly amusing, and a good detective story of the English country house school. Rupert Sethleigh's headless corpse, neatly dismembered, is found hanging on the hooks of a butcher's shop, shortly after his cousin, Jim Redsey, has knocked him cold in the Manor Woods. That dreadfully outspoken old Harridan, Mrs. Bradley, becomes interested when the police find themselves stumped, and what she doesn't find out about the vicar, his charming daughter, clever fifteen-year-old Aubrey and his awful mother, the artist, Wright, and his friend Savile, the doctor who never played bears, and a lot of other people, isn't worth knowing. There's a skull and a stuffed trout and a bloodstained suitcase and a stone of sacrifice; and the perfectly logical conclusion is not revealed until the last sentence—nor will you guess it. ☙ ☙ ☙ In *The Rat Trap*,[4] Aylmer, our hero, falls in love with the lady who is posing as the wife of Mr. Quentin. There's something queer about Mr. Q., as Aylmer soon discovers, and love and curiosity lead the latter to discoveries which the best British sleuths had failed to fathom. Plausible and not over stuffed. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The White Panthers*[5] concerns the awful doings in which young Holford got mixed up when he joined the three gents who used to meet in Rochester's study every week. A few murders would have helped this one, and a little less love. But it is B plus. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Master of the Vultures*[6]: A criminal trust which goes in for Sunday crime kidnaps Scotland Yard chief. Young Robin Murdoch tries to rescue him and does after being captured and escaping so many times that you get quite dizzy trying to follow him. Not a bad yarn, if you get ready to skip every time Sir William reaches for his cigarette case, for it always takes him a paragraph to get a light. ☙ ☙ ☙ Stilted and carelessly written is John Cournos' *Grandmother Martin Is Murdered.*[7] We guessed the answer before the murder—p 58, to be exact. And take no credit. ☙ ☙ ☙ There's a certain unfairness in the arrangement of the plot of *It Walks by Night*[8] which rather spoils an otherwise good story—well written and with real characters. The Duc de Saligny's head is discovered in the middle of the floor when the police bust into the gambling house. Laurent did it, but whom is Laurent impersonating? You

1. By Webster and Hopkins: Century, $1.25.
2. Knopf, $2.50.
3. By Gladys Mitchell: MacVeagh, $2.00.
4. By William Le Queux: Macaulay, $2.00.
5. By Derek Vane: Macmillan, $2.00.
6. By Gerard Fairlie: Little Brown, $2.00.
7. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.
8. By John Dickson Carr: Harpers, $2.00.

Inside the Covers

Articles We Recommend in the Latest Magazines

A Burglar Looks at Laws and Codes, by Jack Black. *Harper's,* February.
The author, an ex-convict, formulates the ethical distinctions between our moral code and our legal code in relation to that practiced by the criminal classes. He believes that before this age of lawlessness and excessive legislation can cease, the law must come into court with clean hands.

How Long Can We Live? By Paul de Kruif. *Ladies Home Journal,* February.
The well known author of *Microbe Hunters* discusses what scientists and laboratory workers are doing to increase the life span. It is already an indisputable fact that the last eighty years has seen a marked advance in longevity. Mr. de Kruif tells of the problems encountered and the methods employed by some of those knights of the test tube who are working for humanity.

Seats at Box Office Prices, by Stewart Beach. *Theatre Magazine,* February.
The Editor of the Theatre Magazine describes the plan, to take effect March 1, whereby the theatres, long in the clutches of ticket speculators, may return to the general public. An important group of managers and ticket brokers have made a cast-iron agreement which will enable the public to buy a considerable number of seats at the box office.

The California Legend, by Ernest Elmo Calkins. *Atlantic Monthly,* February.
Mr. Calkins, easterner, philosopher, and business-man hails California as the motor-tourists' paradise. "Californians," he says, "begin to live where we leave off." As the state has suffered from its legend of prosperity, it will have a salutary effect on skeptics to learn she "has the goods."

Learning to Fly Made Easy, by Crocker Snow. *The Sportsman,* February.
A noted pilot, in two short pithy pages, tells the layman how easy it is to fly a modern airplane. Forget the war days, he urges us, and realize that flying is for sportsmen now—grandfathers and grandmothers included. He offers to teach any able bodied individual to fly solo in one day!

Why I Turned That Salesman Down, by P. W. Combs, Sr. *Nation's Business,* February.
Salesmen (and aren't we all?) should learn there is no place in the art of salesmanship for offensive personalities, domineering or patronizing sales talks; that they should constantly maintain sincerely that they are trying to solve the buyer's problems. The author, advertising manager for the Atlas Portland Cement Company, summarizes the reasons that usually impel the buyer to say, "No!"

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suspect every one—but you're wrong. You would never have thought of *that!* ♣ ♣ ♣ In *Murder Off Broadway*[9] Ballinger, expert on antiques and pictures, lays a 10 to 1 bet with the baffled Inspector Luff that he'll find out who slew the lovely Beverly Bancroft with a 17th Century French spearhead. She has a husband and several admirers, any of whom might have done it. But using his methods of expertising old masters, Ballinger wins and collects his bet. You ought to be able to guess this one, for it's not complicated, and the author plays fair. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *Murder at High*

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

The Hidden City, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. Novel of London as seen by the young doctor through his curious patients.

The Million Pound Deposit, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little, Brown. The "King of Story-tellers" up to his usual form in his 109th novel about respectable and unscrupulous criminals. Reviewed January 15.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katherine Brush: Farrar and Rinehart. A tale of the marriage of a New York newspaper play-boy, deft, humorous and touching. Reviewed January 8.

Ex-Mistress. Anonymous: Brentano's. The unknown quantity in the eternal triangle talks about men.

Non-Fiction

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles and Mary Beard: Macmillan. One volume edition of an American classic.

Is Sex Necessary, by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. The season's laugh hit; droll and bright.

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig: Little, Brown. With characteristic technique Ludwig shows us we have a man "absolutely original, comparable to none, immemorably unique." Reviewed February 19.

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking chair traveler. Reviewed December 25.

The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes wittily of a lost art. Reviewed May 22.

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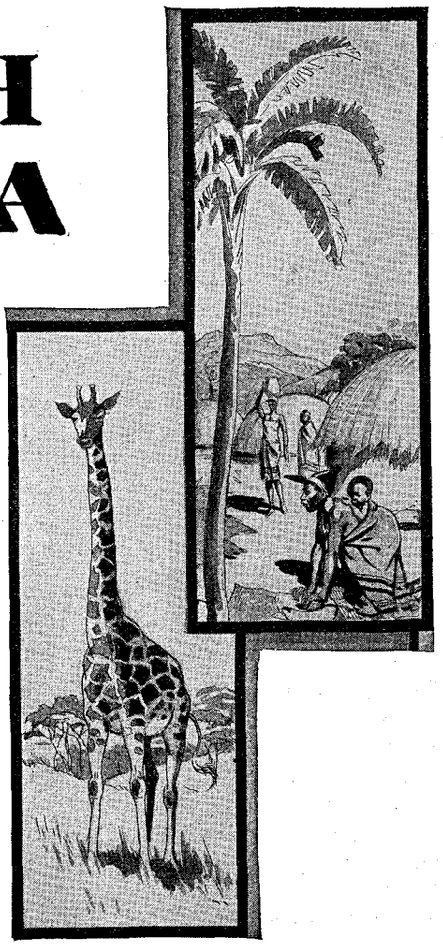

Cape Town to Cairo—The "Travel Trip Supreme"

The Director, Government Travel Bureau of South Africa, 11 Broadway, New York City, invites inquiries regarding tours for individuals or parties. Ask for booklet HB5.

Tide[10] Mr. Parados wanted everybody to hate him, and succeeded. So well, indeed, that somebody plugged him with a .45. And although Flique of the Sureté was a guest in the house, the gardener followed his master on the next night. Was it lovely Caroline Brent, or one of the other guests? With the help of young Allen Hunt, and a number of things that you will find hard to swallow, Flique nails the murderer. Not so hot, this one. ♣ ♣ ♣ Nor is *The Moat House Mystery*[11] particularly convincing, though guns bang, knives flash and gas hisses in and around the gloomy Moat House, to which Ravenhill and his Dr. Watson have come to follow a clue given them by an escaped convict who has challenged them to catch him and his gang. Too many people turn out to be other people to suit us. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *Crook,*[12] me and the wife and the pup is all legal, but we get mixed up in things that ain't when we sees a jane bein' loaded into a closed car in one of those back alleys they has in Philly. And then, what with bein' appointed Deputy Police Commissioner by the D. A., an' chasin' a Packard to Florida, an' rescuin' dames in distress—well, we is some busy. A racy, rapid fire story, and you don't mind if the coincidences do seem to come pretty thick and fast. ♣ ♣ ♣ Another African big game book, *The Roaring Veldt,*[13] is an unpretentious record of four expeditions after photographs and trophies. It gives the day to day happenings as well as the adventures, and will give you a good idea of what you see and do on a hunting expedition when you're not actually pulling the trigger or dodging the wounded buffalo. Illustrated with some very fine photographs. ♣ ♣ ♣ A truly monumental work is *A History of Women's Education in the U. S.,*[14] which if your interests touch the subject at all should be of great value to you as a reference book.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

9. By Leonard Falkner: Holt, $2.00.
10. By Charles G. Booth: Morrow, $2.00.
11. By R. F. Foster: Macaulay, $2.00.
12. By Jonathan Starr: Cape & Smith, $2.50.
13. By Gretchen Cron: Putnam, $5.00.
14. By Thomas Woody: Science Press, $5.00. (2 vols.)

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America and Russia

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR the past fifteen years we have been living too close to history to indulge in the luxury of historical perspective. While there have been a few generalizations on Anglo-American relations—for the most part sombrely recalling what happened to Spain, Holland, France and Germany—the greatest single event of the twentieth century has gone almost unnoticed. That event is the release of Europe's centripetal force on America and Russia at one and the same time. The two Federal unions have gone rocketing off in political space, while the Continent of which they were once adjuncts has lost its traditional primacy.

One of the first books to discuss the implications of this event is John Gould Fletcher's *Two Frontiers* (Coward-McCann). Mr. Fletcher asserts and demonstrates the parallelism of Russian and American development, not only in order of political processes, but in literature and in time itself. Russia and America are the two frontiers of Europe. Europe threw off a rigidly centralized authoritarian civilization, as a result of the Caesarian operations of Peter the Great. At the same time, the Old World threw off on the west an egalitarian democratic State. For three centuries Europe restrained and modified these divergent civilizations; now they are out of control and are converting Europe and Eastern Asia into the battlegrounds of the two opposing creeds of federal democracy and of federated bolshevism. Such is Mr. Fletcher's thesis and it is presented from a detached point of view which regards Europe as the possible salvation of us both.

Mass civilization is unattractive and it is best exemplified by modern America and modern Russia. Yet the two codes are diverse. We have "a faith that the increase of business, higher wages, and more prosperity on the American model will definitely save the world. This belief has already its apostles, chief of whom is perhaps Henry Ford. It, like Bolshevism, is a heresy." "Power means land, wealth, possessions to the American: to the Russian it means simply absolute and arbitrary freedom to do as he pleases."

"About the typical, one hundred per cent American one can learn everything but his feelings. His thoughts, his opinions, are all on the surface. . . . About a Russian you know only his feelings. His opinions he is able to change with disconcerting completeness."

Naturally, this antithesis stimulates recriminations. As an example of the application of Marxist criteria to the land of Ford, *People vs. Wall Street, A Mock Trial,* by William Floyd (Vanguard Press), is a case in point. This is a thoroughly documented satire on the rôle of Big Business in American life. It is able, it is moderate, it makes so many bull's eyes that one tires of totting them up, and it leads nowhere, except to the conviction that an American Red Commissar would be more objectionable as what might be called a common dominator than would the common denominator of the dollar sign. Any one who has had any dealings with an American policeman or bureaucrat will pray that Communism never takes hold in this country, after reading *People vs. Wall Street,* which was not what the author set out to accomplish.

Of course, one need not agree with Robert S. Brookings in *Economic Democracy* (Macmillan), that by means of the protective tariff and immigration restriction we have developed an economic democracy more important than our political democracy. As a recent participant in the November referendum on the value of industrial securities, one may wish that there were a little less democracy on the Stock Exchange. On the other hand, Professor William Bennett Munro's *The Makers of the Unwritten Constitution* (Macmillan) demonstrates that there is a larger extra-legal centralizing process at work in American society. Alexander Hamilton established the economic supremacy of the Federal Government, John Marshall interpreted the principle of nationalism into the Constitution, Andrew Jackson democratized it, and Woodrow Wilson made the Presidential office one of leadership.

Despite our veneration for that barnacle encrusted hulk—the eighteenth barnacle is especially noticeable—the American Constitution, the old document is changing beneath our eyes. Who shall say that Congress may not eventually be reduced to the insignificance of the Electoral College, through the action of lobbies and minorities and commissions, until we have a government based essentially on economic representation? The desuetude of democracy in America is becoming more than a phrase. *The Re-*

(Please Turn to Page 356)

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

EVERY NOW AND THEN there comes along a one laugh show; by which we mean it's the same kind of laugh all the way through—a sort of one string dramatic instrument; amusing so far as it goes, but lacking the variety which keeps boredom away.

This time it's George Jessel's portrayal of the Biblical Joseph and what really happened to him in Egypt: Potiphar's wife, high priests, Pharaoh and all. The whole thing, it seems, was merely a case of excellent Hebrew salesmanship. And the playwright makes out a highly plausible if not wholly possible brief for his idea. George Jessel also makes Joseph credible in a rather musical comedy way, as his share of the jest. So that laughs, on the G string only, are plentiful.

But there is more than a suggestion of high school burlesque, done with a curtain and a silk hat, and the playwright is not over perceptive of the fine points of high Egyptian society. So that it finally goes a little flat.

Where the one emphasized idea is concerned, George Jessel does very well with it. But one note doesn't make a melody—not even for a "Jazz Singer," assisted by so good an actor as Ferdinand Gottschalk. We emerged dissatisfied, and wondering if we could explain why.

Topaze at the Music Box, supplied us with the answer—and incidentally with about forty minutes of the purest kind of enjoyment: the duration of the first act. Imagine a sort of softened and Gallicized Dinty Moore, playing the part of a simple, honest, pathetically eager French schoolmaster in a comedy which Barrie and Sacha Guitry might have written—and you have poor Monsieur Topaze, as played by Frank Morgan. Hats off to Lee Shubert, for bringing us this one from Paris. And, leaving the playwright aside for an instant, hats off again and keep them off, for Frank Morgan. Rich as the part would prove for any competent actor, in Morgan's hands it becomes a transient jewel; and the French comedy a finely wrought setting.

The Plays of the Week

Joseph, by Bertram Bloch at the Liberty, West 42nd St.—with George Jessel and Ferdinand Gottschalk.

Topaze, by Marcel Pagnol at the Music Box West 45th St.—with Phoebe Foster.

Ritzy, by Viva Tattersall and Sidney Toler at the Longacre, West 48th St.—with Ernest Truex.

Out of the Blue Sky, by Hans Shlumberg, adapted by Leslie Howard at the Booth, West 45th St.

French, it unquestionably is. Not in the usual sense—there is not a *double entendru* in it, nor does it deal in sex, except in passing and for the purposes of a Gallic happy ending—but in the sense that no particular morality triumphs. Instead, the individual triumphs, to the delicate confounding of all wall mottoes. Such maxims as "honesty is the best policy" and "Time Is Money" are gently satirized and pierced through the heart by the extraordinary career of Monsieur Topaze—a career, so the playwright intimates, which would scarcely have been possible before the War but which nowadays is so conventional in pattern that it is the wall mottoes which are really absurd.

A most pathetic and absurdly honorable soul is this Monsieur Topaze, with his devotion to honesty and his miserable pittance. He is that fool, beloved of the Cynic, Simple Honesty Himself. And the laughter in the Music Box Theatre is tinged with a delicate appreciation of irony, only occasionally disturbed by an instant's poignant emotion.

But where *Joseph* has just the one note, *Topaze* runs the scale. Story? Well, from schoolroom to Tammany Hall, in three acts—all in a small French city. Marcel Pagnol wrote it. And we would call it an excellent play by a witty and talented satirist.

Beside it, *Ritzy*—Ernest Truex' new vehicle—seems clumsy, and rather obvious in its deliniation of human nature. Instead of being caught up by the life of the characters, one sits back and sees the parade, more than half sure from the beginning of the eventual outcome, and only really interested because Ernest Truex and Miriam Hopkins happen to be the particular husband and wife on whose intimate private life—in one room, kitchenette and bath—you are privileged to gaze.

Suddenly, inherited money makes them "ritzy;" "bitten by the swank bug" and forgetful of old friends. Which is funny without being attractive. So, for two acts. But in the end it is Ernest Truex himself again, being dogged and brave, although you know he is scared half to death inside, in the depths of his insurance salesman's rabbit heart. For an evening's entertainment, it could be worse, particularly if you are not a New Yorker and don't live in an apartment hotel off Park Avenue. Also, for people whose minds have a *risque* slant, Miriam Hopkins takes off a great many clothes; for others (particularly if you are interested in fashions) she puts on a lot more. But it's a pity the play isn't up to the actors.

No such criticism can be made of *Out of a Blue Sky* as adapted from the German by no other than Leslie Howard. For the illusion and dramatic ingenuity of this piece require the most excellent actors; and in the present instance are provided with them—most particularly Reginald Owen, in the role of a self satisfied ass of a husband.

But here is *caviare* for the playgoer; not good red meat or white wine. And to tell what takes place in the Booth Theatre after the lights begin going off and on, and the curtain goes up half way on an empty stage, would spoil much genuine enjoyment for sophisticates.

Do you remember Leonard Merrick once was advertised as the novelists' own novelist? Well, this is the playwrights' play. And without Reginald Owen that is all it would be. With him, however, even a bagman will laugh—provided he is married. But that is as far as we shall go in betraying the mystery.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

***Strictly Dishonorable:** Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
Sweet Adeline: The nineties with lovely music—amusing, well staged.
Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted. The event of the season.
Street Scene: Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
It's A Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
***Berkeley Square:** Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
June Moon: Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
***Fifty Million Frenchmen:** Expertly produced musical comedy.
***Sons o' Guns:** A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue & alluring Lily Damita.
The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven English comedy of manners.
Wake Up and Dream: A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
Heads Up: A progressively entertaining extravaganza with amusing Victor Moore.
***Michael and Mary:** A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
Waterloo Bridge: Well acted but unconvincing story of a soldier boy and a scarlet woman.
Children of Darkness: Skillful and effective prison drama of 1725.
***Death Takes a Holiday:** A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
Bird In Hand: Whimsical farce by John Drinkwater—excellently done.
Meteor: A fair portrait of an egotist—with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.
Bitter Sweet: Mediocrity all dressed up and no where to go.
***Strike Up the Band:** Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.
At the Bottom: Gorki's Lower Depths with Americanisms—bitter, powerful, impressive.
Josef Suss: Compelling 18th century drama with a great second act—from the novel "Power."
Rebound: Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.
The Boundary Line: Emotional conflict among suburbanites—good characterization.
Dishonored Lady: Melodrama of the deepest dye—with Katherine Cornell.
Many a Slip: True, touching, and immensely entertaining comedy about marriage.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by theatre brokers.

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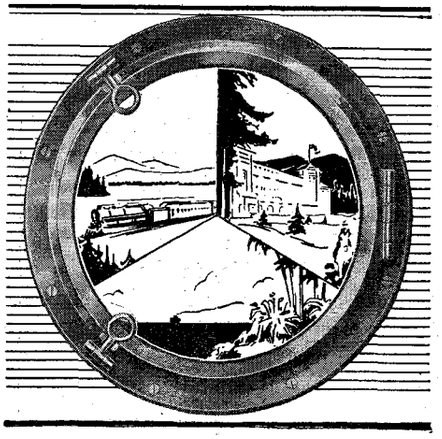

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EVA R. DIXON *Director*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Army Mule

THE PRISONER was working near the sea-wall of the Island, and the wind from the water was cold. He was a good swimmer.

Occasionally the prisoner lifted his head and watched the waves nipping and biting at the foot of the sea-wall. Hundreds of them—rearing up their icy heads like so many watch dogs, guarding the harbor. Occasionally, he would stare beyond them, straight on to the outline of the city against the sky—the sky-scrapers bare against Heaven like so many up flung hands. Or like a heavy line of writing zig-zagging along the horizon, if any one could read it.

But for the most part the prisoner kept his eye on his job, his ears well sunk between the hunch of his shoulders, his arms moving up and down at work like pistons to keep the blood going. He might as well get used to it; he would be doing it, or work like it, for a number of years to come—so many years it didn't hardly do to count them up. Time didn't mean anything when there was so much of it.

On the sea-wall not far away was another worker. The prisoner looked up and laughed. "Poor old girl!" He said outloud in admiration, "Poor old girl." For the army mule was straining at her harness, pawing the ice for a sure foot-hold, and steeply sloping her backsides in the effort to move her load of snow. When she got it well started she made a cautious, heaving way to the edge of the sea-wall—she was cajoled into wheeling precariously—and was then rudely backed up until the tilting cart had disposed its burden of snow into the yapping waves beneath. Slipping and struggling the mule each time recovered her balance and started back for another load.

"One slip too many," crooned the prisoner, moving his arms again, "one slip too many and you're going to Hell. Watch your step old girl! It's a cruel world."

For all the steady pumping of his arms he couldn't help watching her as she shambled back for each new load, as she stood sagging patiently while the snow was being heaved into the cart, as she pulled and slipped and strained and wheeled. A helluva life!

Here they were then, himself and the mule—. But even as he thought it there was a grinding noise at the edge of the sea-wall. The army mule, her back to the water, was struggling frantically for footing on the slippery ice. Behind her the tilting cart see-sawed unsteadily above space. The wheels teetered forward—back—which-way, in the struggle between cart and mule. But it was an uneven struggle. The cart, having no nerves, went over of its own dead weight. And sliding, struggling, panic-stricken, the mule was pulled after it.

The prisoner stood up straight. Not a chance—not a chance in a million. With that heavy harness, let alone the cart, all the spunk in the world couldn't save an army mule from drowning. The prisoner looked around him wildly. There was enough commotion now. Shouts and orders and counterorders and cries for block and tackle. What the Hell! She couldn't keep afloat two minutes in that ice water the way they had her harnessed. The prisoner measured quickly the tools that lay in reach. There was a sharp one that would do. One arm shot out for it and on the same curve joined the other in a dive.

He hit the bitter water within a minute of the floundering mule. With his lungs full of air he struck under the surface and felt his way. If he could cut it here—and over on the other side—if he could rid her of this hanging tangle—if he could give her one chance to get to the surface. Cutting and hacking with the blood singing in his ears and pounding behind his eyes, he managed somehow to avoid the slashing legs of the despairing creature who had only legs to help her.

Suddenly, it was long enough. He had to reach the air. He came up numb and slow, and opened burning eyes on the distant and familiar sky-line. He struck out feebly and turned his head. And there—only a few rods distant—was the snorting, wall-eyed head of the army mule. "Hold on dearie," he called weakly, "they're coming with the block and tackle!"

That night in the prison hospital the prisoner lay quite still for the pure pleasure of feeling warm, for the ecstatic delight of drawing his breath, and listening to tales of grandeur.

"They got her over in a stall beside the furnace," he was told. "They got her wrapped up in blankets and having interviews with Colonels, and say! the type-writer girls can't kiss her enough. They're feeding her chocolate bars and apples—and lissen! I heard somebody say you was a smart boy!"

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Anna Christie"

GRETA GARBO'S voice, not to keep you in suspense any longer, is the deepest I have ever heard in a woman . . . so deep and mannish that when she says "I love you, I love you!" it is necessary to look twice at the screen to know whether she or Charles Bickford is speaking. Her first talking film is the long-awaited version of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie,* and the other players are George F. Marion as her drunken old father and Marie Dressler as his equally drunken old woman. Clarence Brown directed.

As to the glittering and alluring Miss Garbo, I am afraid she is not so sure of herself before the microphone. If she has lost something of her fascination it is not because she wears the shabby clothes demanded by the part, but because she is no longer the completely self-possessed actress. She has something of an accent, but for the present it is a help rather than a hindrance. Without doubt her next talkie must show considerable improvement over the present film, and in a short while she will doubtless come to ignore the microphone as she now forgets the camera. There is some question, however, about her voice. I am afraid it is going to startle a lot of people out of seven years' growth.

The new *Anna Christie* is well enough acted, but extremely dull to watch, as it is merely a photograph of a few stage sets. You may call me irreverent or blasphemous, but I simply cannot get excited about motionless motion pictures with Eugene O'Neill phonograph records to match.

"The Green Goddess"

Apparently the movie people are now completely at a loss for new plots, for the Warners have asked Mr. George Arliss to run through his old stage play once more, this time With Sound. Mr. Arliss, you remember, is one of the most charming and distinguished actors in this or any other country, and so, in spite of the fact that the play has been given every now and then since 1921, and that he himself made it into a silent film some years ago, he consented. The other players are Alice Joyce as the woman disputed, H. B. Warner as her elderly husband and Ralph Forbes as the would-be lover. Mr. Arliss is of course the Rajah with the sinister smile and lecherous eye, who almost executes three Britishers when their plane crashes in a lonely pass in the Himalayas.

Valiant efforts have been made to take advantage of the movie technique in what was the last act on the stage, with rather unfortunate results. That last act, you will remember, gained its effect from the fact that the prisoners were in a dark, cavernous place while mysterious and unseen sounds from the outside predicted an especially horrible fate. This film shows us crowds of people rushing about and a lot of pictures of strange temples and gods—but a good deal of the suspense is lost.

"Puttin' on the Ritz"

Harry Richman, the New York night club entertainer, and Clara Bow's current fiancee, has had himself embalmed in a talkie extolling for the billionth time tribulations of backstage teams split by love and jealousy. As I see it *Puttin' on the Ritz* is simply a great big advertisement for Mr. Richman and his club, and furthermore, it is feebly acted and quite incredible throughout. Perhaps Mr. Richman better stay where he belongs and not try to make movies. Joan Bennett, James Gleason, Aileen Pringle and Lilyan Tashman give the worst performances of their careers. Miss Bennett, supposedly in love with Mr. Richman, actually seems to hate him. The music, which was written by Irving Berlin, is all right—but it is the same music he's been writing for years.

Worth Seeing

Devil May Care: Ramon Novarro in a mild costume operetta.
Disraeli: George Arliss is still buying the Suez Canal for England and the Warners.
The Laughing Lady: Ruth Chatterton in a grown-up comedy.
Men Without Women: A submarine crew dying by degrees.
Not So Dumb: Marion Davies quite amusing as Dulcy, the girl who tries so hard to be a help.
Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbet, of grand opera, singing beautifully in a stodgy story.
Seven Days Leave: Barrie's Cockney scrubwoman who invents herself a "son at the front."
Street of Chance: William Powell, smooth and cool as a big time gambler. One of the best.
The Virginian: Gary Cooper as Owen Wistar's hero.

Not So Good

Hit the Deck, No, No, Nanette, Sally, Rio Rita, and **So Long Letty:** You saw the originals in your first year in college. Why see and hear the old jokes all over again on phonograph records?
Son of the Gods: Richard Barthelmess and Rex Beach have made something pretty dull.
Dangerous Paradise: Scenes from Conrad's "Victory." The first idea was to call this film "Flesh of Eve," but they changed . . . the title.

By O. E. ROLVAAG
Author of "Giants in the Earth"
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A powerful story of the moral disintegration of a man and woman brought about through love of money. "Rolvaag has genuine moral force and the understanding of lives lived close to the soil." — The Outlook $2.50
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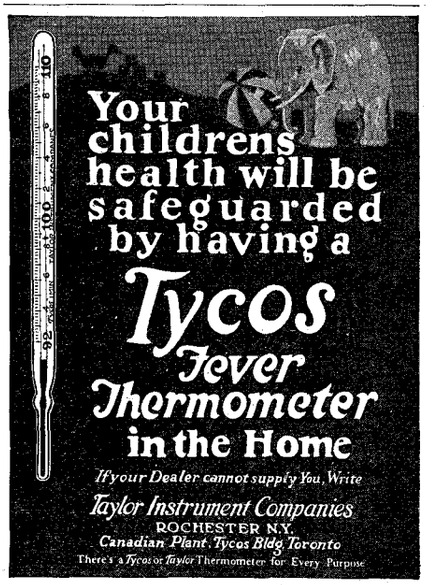
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Financial Note

Having repeatedly read that the movie industry was one of the most titanic in the good old U. S. A., being fourth or some such thing, it may interest you to learn that the latest *World Almanac* lists movie production (not including theatres) as eightieth (80th) in a list of American industries. Films valued at $134,343,000 were produced in 1927. Motor vehicles lead with $3,999,869,000.

Mr. Fox's Wide Screen

Technically *Happy Days,* the first motion picture especially staged for the new double-width film, is interesting and suggestive of what may some day be accomplished with this new device—but as entertainment it is dreadful punishment. Victor McLaglen, Ann Pennington, Tom Patricola and Will Rogers are listed on the program, but don't let that mislead you.

The new screen (on which is projected a double-width film) is not only larger than the old one, but is a different shape, being just twice as wide as it is high. For revues, battle scenes and news reels the new film is a distinct improvement.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

IF YOU ARE PLANNING to motor in furrin parts this year, we believe that *Europa Touring,* a copy of which we have just seen, would be a great deal of help to you. It is an automobile guide to Europe, printed in French, German and English, and published by the Swiss Touring Club. It is beautifully gotten up, with maps in four colors; street plans of all important towns; and complete information as to hotels, points of interest, local speed laws, passport and license requirements, and so on. The maps are large and very easy to read. Even though we shall probably never do any motoring in Europe, we have had a lot of fun poring over routes and city plans.

IF YOU WANT to know just how comfortable you really are, or whether to put on heavy clothes before you go out, get one of the indoor-outdoor thermometers, which show the temperature inside and outside—the latter being transmitted by means of an outdoor, liquid-filled metallic bulb, at the end of fifteen feet of braided tubing, which passes through a window opening. Copper frame, very nice looking.

THE SEWETTE is a somewhat different sewing stand, which opens like a two-piece screen. It is 30 inches high, 15 wide, and 3 thick, when closed. Open, it has three rows of spindles for thread, a flat pin cushion, a drop leaf shelf and two troughs for material. It comes in several designs, with frames of silver, red and blue.

TITESNAP CLOTHESPINS are of rustless wire, 2¾ inches long, easy to handle and have a good firm grip. Eighty for a dollar.

IN FACTORIES, hotels, office buildings and so on, where there is a certain amount of loss every year by the loss of electric bulbs which unprincipled folk remove and carry home in their pockets, it seems to us as if the Lamplok would be a money saver. It is a device which locks the lamp into the socket, any socket, and the lamp can then only be removed by the use of a special tool.

WHEN YOU START gaily out in the morning, a genial smile on your face, your favorite flower in your buttonhole, it is always a question which will fade soonest in the dust and discouragement of the day—the smile or the flower. In preserving the smile we cannot help you; that is a problem that each man must face alone. But we can help in keeping the flower fresh, for we have seen a handsome little sterling silver lapel vase which should be just the thing. Of course, some men preserve their smiles in liquids, but we don't approve of that.

IF YOU HAVE bottles on your sideboard or in your locker, and if the contents have a habit of becoming mysteriously less without your knowledge or consent, why not get some of those good looking bottles that have a silver cap, fastened down with a tiny padlock. With the key on your keyring, you can laugh at the thought of thirsty friends or servants. There are also Tantalus sets, containing two bottles, the stoppers of which are held down by a lid which can be locked.

A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR item seen by us is a quart shaker, shaped like a milk can, with which go an ice bucket modeled after a milk pail, and six dippers. Made of pewter.

THERE IS a very ingenious closet bag which goes on the inside of a closet door. A large pocket at the top and two just below it are for gloves, stockings and small articles. Next is a big pocket with zipper fastener, for laundry. Below are pockets for four pairs of shoes, and at each side long, narrow pockets for umbrellas. Comes in blue, pink or green flowered cretonne.

PRACTICAL TELEVISION for the home has come closer to us through the development by Dr. Zworykin, Westinghouse research engineer, of a reproducer which contains a fluorescent screen upon which a 4 x 5 picture can be seen, and which does away with the need for mechanical or moving parts in the receiver. We don't understand how it works, so we shan't try to explain it to you. But we think it opens a new field to the radio amateurs who used to build their own sets. Television sets should be fascinating to tinker with.

THE SIMPLEX rear view auto mirror has a double curve that gives complete reflection of cars to right and left as well as directly behind. It also minimizes the glare of following headlights at night. It is 15 x 3 inches, and comes ready to attach to your windshield.

America and Russia

(Continued from Page 352)

call of Public Officers. A Study of the Operation of the Recall in California, by Frederick L. Bird and Frances M. Ryan (Macmillan), suggests the dry-rot which is attacking American small-town politics—it is superfluous to mention the wet-rot which assails our larger municipalities since we became abstemious by statute.

As John F. Sly shows in his *Town Government in Massachusetts: 1630-1930* (Harvard Press), the pure democracy of the town meetin' is yielding to the expediency of the local dictator, otherwise known as the city manager. Something ails democracy. Is it industrialism? The rise of democracy in England and Germany and its obliteration in Italy and Russia, suggests that industrialism is neither the cause of this disease nor is agricultural society its cure. It is some spiritual inadequacy in ourselves that is responsible for the drying up, beneath the intolerant forms of equality, of the essence of political self-rule.

If Mr. Fletcher is correct in his assumption that European individualism is the cure for the intolerable and intolerant mass systems of the Soviet and the American Unions, more than ordinary interest must attach to the shrewd and ironic picture of European reconstruction presented by Professor William E. Rappard at the Williamstown Institute of Politics last summer and now published by the Yale Press under the title of *Uniting Europe.* In Europe, Mr. Fletcher argued, the Latin, the Teuton and the Celt had learned to complement each other. The result is the cult of the individual, in his private life and in his public activities.

The problem, as we see it, is to establish an authority, a code, and a creed around which the forces of individualism can rally against the inhuman efficiencies of the one-man factory of the future and against the subhuman impertinences of the inevitable bureaucrat. If Europe can do it, there are those of us who will wish that the Atlantic were a little narrower. There has been so much talk of mastery, either by Europe or America or Russia, that it is about time to wonder whether humanity itself has no rights, apart from those conferred by the accident of geography. Mr. Fletcher offers us our choice between Mr. Lewis's Babbitt and Mr. Stalin's kulak. Why shouldn't we choose Beethoven or Keats instead of either of these economic boors?

JOHN CARTER.

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Are Labor Unions Destructive?

(Continued from Page 328)

tion machinery for an entire industry, with an impartial chairman who will function on a national scale. In the men's clothing and women's garment industries the impartial chairmen have always served in separate cities but never on a national scale. The agreement stemmed the threatened migration of union manufacturers to unorganized cities in the South and the union is confident that the organized section of the hosiery industry is on the upgrade.

Not content with the national agreement the joint conference agreed to have an impartial time-study made in order to determine scientifically all the time elements that enter into the making of women's hosiery. The union selected for this work a man who had worked at the trade, finishing off with two years at the Wharton School of Finance. The employers' choice was a practical mill executive in a Rhode Island plant. Supplemented by engineers jointly agreed upon, these agents are moving from mill to mill timing operations. It will take two years to complete the task. The study will, it is expected, have gathered together for the first time all of the elements that enter into the manufacture of every style of women's hosiery.

In its contract the union assumes responsibility for disciplining its members who violate the agreement. The union has posted a bond of $10,000 for fulfillment of the contract and the impartial chairman, Dr. Paul Abelson, has the authority to assess up to that amount against the union in the event of contract violation. Usually it is the employer who places a bond for the fulfillment of his contract with the union.

THE HEADQUARTERS of the Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America is Pressmen's Home, Tennessee, a town governed and owned by the organization, which has its own bank, sanitarium, school for printing, hotel, granary, farms and livestock. Every day from all over the United States hundreds of newspapers are delivered at Union headquarters. They are opened at once and studied carefully for the quality of their press work. If defects are observed a letter is sent to the publisher, pointing out the defect and offering to send an expert without cost to help improve the appearance of his paper. The union's expert may remain a week or two but leaves only when the presses have been adjusted to bring about the desired improvement.

By co-operating with the publisher in making his paper more attractive and in other ways, the union, under the direction of President George L. Berry, has built up a good-will among newspaper publishers that is reflected in the pay envelope when new wage contracts are made.

IN 1923, at the shops of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in Pittsburgh, there was put into operation, under the direction of Captain Otto S. Beyer, consulting engineer of the Railway Employes Department of the American Federation of Labor, a plan that has since come to be widely known as "the B. and O. Plan," or plan of "union management co-operation." Later the plan was worked out on the Canadian National Railways. With infinite patience, misunderstandings were ironed out at a series of meetings between union representatives and those of the local managements. Grievances, which meant the difference between a good job and a bad one, were corrected. The business agent of the union became a necessary part of the shop administration; the employes, instead of mere machine tenders, became aware that their interest was in the whole road, not in one simple job performance.

The results of the union management-co-operation movement have exceeded all expectations on the part of those who initiated the movement. From the viewpoint of the railroad employes, the co-operation plan has virtually wiped out old difficulties centering around the adjustment of grievances. Working conditions in the railroad shops have improved. The system of apprentice education and training has been strengthened. The plan has blazed the way for more regular employment of railway maintenance employes and has helped substantially to bring railroad work back from non-railroad to railroad shops. It has also been responsible for securing the establishment of a new standard of employment in the railway service; vacations with pay. At the same time, it has helped raise wage income and has accelerated the efforts to organize railroad employes.

Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National Railways, has found the partnership method of co-operation so satisfactory in the railroad shops that he has extended it to the maintenance of way employes. If the co-operation method is equally successful among this group of employes an effort will be made to have it introduced in train and engine and clerical service.

"In fact," says Sir Henry, "I think I can almost visualize the day when the entire staff of the Canadian National Railways, in all departments, will be operating under appropriate co-operative partnership plans. This means that so far as details are concerned, the administration of the railroad will become practically automatic; responsible officers will be relieved of a mass of details and detailed supervision, and will be enabled to devote themselves to the more important problems of the railway and to the study and development of more efficient methods.

"Every employe will in a sense become a partner in the enterprise. He will go to his daily work with the pride of a partner, will feel a proprietor's interest in his work and will find a greater pleasure and satisfaction in his daily pursuits. So far as the company itself is concerned, I think I can say beyond any doubt that such an atmosphere and such a condition will reflect itself in a better service to the public and an infinitely better financial performance on the part of the company."

Storms Over India

(Continued from Page 333)

What the Congress has to handle is not the blunders of Britain—what a wit has called "the wreck of the Birkenhead"—but the complexities of India. Of what use is a stampede if it means that the India lying outside the Congress declines to be stampeded?

By demanding that, here and now, the British connection be severed, the Congress has alienated everybody who is not prepared, here and now, to sever that connection. The moderate Liberals include a leader like Mrs. Besant, the Indians in the Civil Service, the merchants, the bankers, and Indian members of the various councils and legislatures.

The program of the Congress was bold. But bold programs are not always popular. While Swaraj carries India's flag through the streets and sings India's songs, prudent shopkeepers, also Indian, put up their shutters. In ordering boycott, non-cooperation and refusal of taxes, Gandhi disclaims all violence; and sincerely. But for years it has not worked out his way. It is agreed that the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, has earned the respect of all parties by his sincerity, courage and mysticism. As the son of the great Anglo-Catholic, Viscount Halifax, he appeals to India, not only by his power but by his prayers. Yet even Lord Irwin, when traveling to meet Gandhi in friendly conference, was subjected to dynamite under his train, and at Lahore, Gandhi had the utmost difficulty in persuading a majority to con-

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demn the outrage. Swaraj itself is pursued, as at Calcutta, by Communism and has to be defended by the police. When, therefore, Lord Irwin says plainly that he intends to keep order, it is not everybody who agrees with Swaraj that this is a threat. There are many people who are relieved that order is to be preserved.

It is always easy for politicians to force the pace. But having forced the pace, the difficulty is to keep the party in line. To substitute the Indian flag for the Union Jack was a great gesture. But it led to complications. The very fact that the Union Jack is foreign means that it does not divide India. But an Indian flag has to satisfy Indian rivalries—by no means a simple proposition. It has consisted of green for Moslems, white for the Hindus and red for the Christians, which seemed to be comprehensive. But what happened? Lahore itself was suddenly invaded by ten thousand Sikhs, many of them old soldiers, who slapped their thighs with their knives as they marched through the streets and swore that unless their sect had a stripe in the flag they would cut the tent ropes of the marquees!

In India, the Hindus are the Catholics, and the Moslems are the Protestants; numerically, they are as three to one. For the Congress, then, there has been a much more important task than driving the British into the sea. It is the task of holding together the two great cultures into which the citizenship is divided. For a year or two after the War it seemed as if unity might be attained. But today, the Moslems and Hindus are shedding one another's blood, and an aggravation undoubtedly has been Swaraj. Individual Moslems still attend the Congress. As a community, however, the Moslems regard the Congress as the instrument of a Hindooism which is not only militant but solid in its majority against the minorities of which they are the most important. Whatever other differences there may be, the Christians agree with the Moslems.

The misgivings of the minorities in India may be unreasonable. Swaraj holds that they are wholly illogical. But that the misgivings are genuine nobody denies. After all, melting pots are apt sometimes to boil over. In Turkey, the Moslem has eliminated the Christian, and in Greece the Christian has eliminated the Moslem, while in Palestine we have the Arabs attacking the Jews. India is the most stupendous of all the melting pots and the British Raj is the only visible safety valve. Remove that precaution and who can say what might be the explosion?

Swaraj, as an emotion, is a great relief to the feelings. The young Indian, educated in equality at Harrow or Cambridge, returns to India and finds himself excluded from the Englishman's home and the Englishman's club. His pride of race is aroused and, at Lahore, he makes his protest.

But race is not the only problem to be solved. There is also caste, including the liberation of 60,000,000 untouchables. There is child marriage and the iniquitous treatment of widows. There is infant mortality. There is seclusion of women. There is health. There is education. There is the bondage of usury in the villages and the hoarding of precious metal. It is not by perorations, not by the hand-spinning of cotton—calculated to accentuate India's Asiatic poverty—that social reform can be advanced. To cleanse the village pool, to combat plague and cholera, to suppress the thug, men are needed who will supplement mediation by the administrative capacity, and progress in these directions, inevitably slow, is dependent on a sovereignty in touch with western science and experience.

Finally, we have the fact, too often ignored, that the India, directly governed by Britain, has never been the whole of India. Outside British India, so called, there are 700 separate states, with a population of 70,000,000, which are still ruled, well or ill, by their native princes.

The Indian princes do not love the British power for its own sake. On the contrary, they are conscious of grievances. Supposed to be the independent allies of the King-Emperor and associated with him by treaty, they are subject to discipline and have had, until recently, no voice in the government of the Indian Empire as a whole. When, however, they are confronted by a choice between the British Raj and a Republic, they have no doubt which is the greater of the two evils, and they choose the less. In emphatic terms, they have declared for King George.

It is an attitude bitterly resented by the Nationalists. Indeed, it is not easy to sympathize very much with those of the princes who spend their time and India's money on wholly selfish and extravagant indulgences in London and Paris. On the other hand, the government of the native states, taken as a whole, is improving; the princes are mobilized in a chamber of their own at Delhi; they insist that they shall deal with Lord Irwin, not as Governor-General, influenced by the Parliamentarism of the Provinces, but as Viceroy, directly representing the King-Emperor; and this attitude means that, as things stand, one quarter of India has to be cut out of whatever is meant by the Declaration of Independence at Lahore.

The outlook is thus stormy. On the one hand, the British will remain. On the other hand, nothing that they can do will satisfy the extremists. Such a situation usually produces unpleasant incidents; and the arrest of even a few rioters or extremists results in widespread irritation, also the flying of an independent flag even if unsupported by organized revolt is a challenge to that prestige which has always been an important factor in British influence.

In Punishment

(Continued from Page 346)

from my wrists, even though the edges of the handcuffs might cut into the skin. The doctor probably would come during the day. If he didn't come soon he'd find me unconscious. Slumping down several times bruised my wrists and made them ache. Time seemed to be standing still rather than moving.

I heard sounds behind me. I gave no thought to what they meant. I was slumped down and trying to ignore the pain of my wrists. Some one lifted me up. I heard the Deputy's voice: "Are you ready to say who gave you those papers?" After a moment I succeeded in thinking what he meant.

"No," I answered; then added: "I want to see the doctor."

"You can see him when you tell us about the papers."

"Yes I can—don't think you're talking to an idiot—I know who sent me the papers—but you can't make me a squealer—you've got to let me out of here—you don't dare kill me—I've refused the bread and water since I've been here to make the doctor order me to the hospital—he'd better do it before much longer."

"Boy, you don't realize what you're doing to yourself. You're too bright to be throwing yourself away this way. We're more your friends than the fellow you're shielding; we're trying to do you good and he's encouraging you to follow the wrong path in life. I have a son your age and I'm advising you the same way I'd advise him. Come on, be a man!"

"I'm being a man in the best way I know how in refusing to become a squealer."

He went out. I felt so happy that for several minutes I stood without leaning. Then my weariness began returning. I came near to slumping

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again when Andy appeared, unlocked the handcuffs and said, "Go ahead out of here." "What now?" I thought. At the gate of the tunnel I had to shut my eyes and stop because the light blinded me. I put my hand up to shade my eyes. "Fold your arms and come on," Andy said. He took me to Ward B and I was put back in my punishment cell. "I've won the battle," I exulted feebly.

One day near the end of the month I was greatly surprised by the appearance of the mechanical drawing class instructor at my door. My surprise increased when he said that he had been thinking about me. He had decided that his treatment of me had been harsher than it should have been. He had been warned by several guards to keep his eye on me when I was put into the class. If I came back he would let Frank—my Cuban friend—and me help him teach some of the others mathematics, and Frank and I would have plenty of chance for conversation while working together and wouldn't have to fear being reported for it. He didn't want me to come back unless I wanted to.

"Sure, I'll be glad to come back," I said. "All right, as soon as you're back in third grade, I'll speak to the deputy," and he walked away.

I threw myself on the cot, blubbering like a baby. After several minutes I sat up and wiped my eyes. "I'll never keep a grudge—people are too damn decent."

On grade-change day I was restored to the third grade and sent back to class.

During the next month things continued to go well in the class. But as the days went by talking outside the class caused numerous reports against me. When the middle of the month came there were enough to make certain my reduction to the fourth grade again at the end of the month. When I returned to the class I debated whether I should tell the instructor that I had decided to give up the class, because I'd be in the fourth grade at least every other month and wouldn't be able to keep up my interest with such interruption.

Before I could make up my mind a clerk who worked in the front office of the institution came into the class and up to my table. He grinned and said: "Coffey, you're more bother than any man in the institution." Then he walked up to the instructor's desk and spoke to him. I tried to think what new charge might have been made against me. I muttered the foulest oath I knew and wished I could blow the whole place to hell, myself with it. The instructor called me up to the desk. The clerk dipped a pen in ink, handed it to me, and gave me a piece of paper, saying "Sign this." I looked at the paper. It was a receipt for ten dollars which was given each inmate on his release. I stared at it. "Sign it," the clerk repeated. I did and handed it to him. "Is this serious?" I asked. "Come with me," he said. I followed him dazed, not thinking of saying goodbye to Frank and the other fellows and the instructor.

The clerk led me to the gymnasium and told the instructor to weigh me and take my measurements. Then he took me to the barber shop. Sitting in the chair having my hair cut I began to believe it was really possible that I was going out. The barber-instructor walked over and said to me, "Gee, you're a lucky guy." "I know it," I said, and began trembling so the barber working on me had to stop. I went to the Superintendent's office. "Here's a pardon for you, Coffey. I don't mind telling you I tried to stop you getting it. I hope you learned a lesson, but I don't think you have. Goodbye, try to make good, you have a lot of good in you."

We shook hands and I went with the guard out through the front gates.

(To Be Continued)

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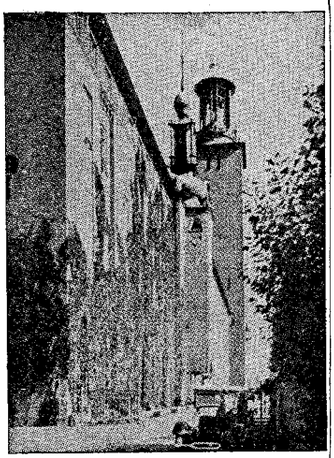

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